Saturday Night

November 21, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

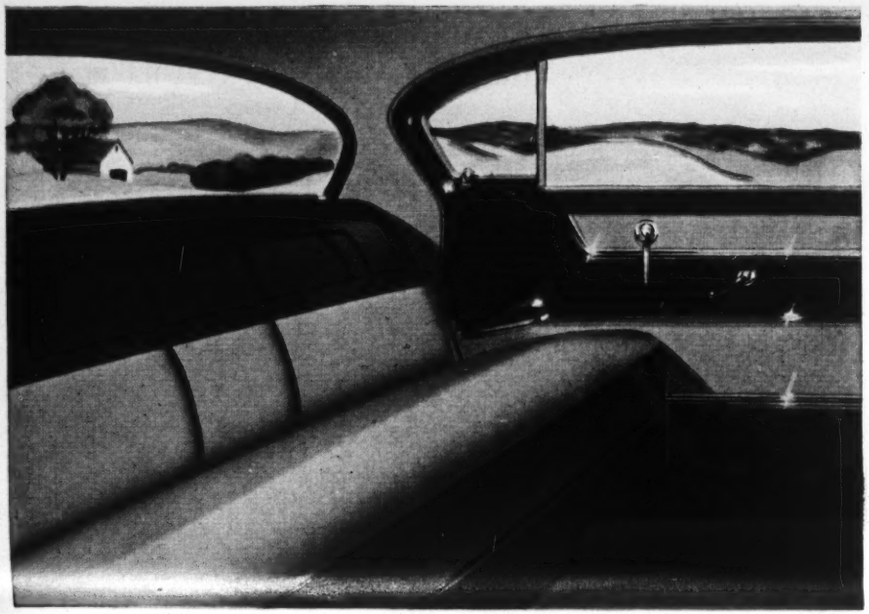
If you ever get an irresistible urge to destroy one of your fellow human beings, do not satisfy it by chopping up your wife or shooting your neighbor; society frowns on that sort of thing and will not feel safe until it has permanently separated you from your neuroses. Instead, get behind the wheel of a car, go hurtling along a highway and crash into some unsuspecting motorist. You may be injured yourself, of course, but this hazard only adds to the thrill of the experience; besides, if you happen to be drunk at the time, you may not feel any pain at all. The important thing, however, is that when the time comes for you to be punished, the chances are that the penalty imposed on you will be no more severe than a few months in jail, because the jury hearing your case will be so touched by your suffering that it will impress on the judge the necessity for being merciful.

It is possible that juries are full of loving kindness towards drivers who have committed the most serious infractions of traffic laws because they feel guilty themselves. Jurors may look at the accused and think, "There, but for a lot of luck, stand I." But whatever thought or emotion impels

Capital Press Service

LOUIS RENÉ BEAUDOIN: The Speaker of the House (Page 4)

Canada's Distinctive Automobile — DeSoto for 1954



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Now you can enjoy the driving ease and comfort of completely automatic PowerFlite—standard on all 1954 DeSotos. This combination of a torque converter and a fully automatic shift provides exceptional acceleration and smooth, silent operation throughout the entire speed range.

Operation is simple: start in Neutral, move the selector lever to Drive and you are set for all normal driving—the single "up" shift is completely automatic, its timing depending on the degree of acceleration you desire—you do not have to lift your foot from the accelerator.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

them to regard the "luckless" driver with such tenderness, there can be no doubt that their lack of severity contributes greatly to the fatal dangers of highway travel these days.

Every week, all across the country, there are examples of this tenderness of juries. Only the other day a man was sentenced in a Central Ontario court to six months in jail, for dangerous driving. His car had crashed into the rear of another automobile, which then burst into flames; the three people inside were trapped and burned to death. A doctor testified that a test taken the morning following the accident showed that the guilty driver had been drinking before the smash-up—only two or three bottles of beer, the accused man said, but the medical evidence was that the concentration of alcohol in his blood was the result of consuming 12 to 16 ounces of whisky or 8 to 10 pints of beer. The judge who sentenced him said: "Only the recommendation of leniency by the jury prevents me from giving a more serious sentence."

Why a recommendation of leniency? The man who drinks before driving is someone to be punished, not pitied; the man whose handling of a vehicle constitutes a public menace is not a child to be reprimanded gently and sent on his way with little more than an admonitory pat. Yet juries persist in regarding traffic offences almost as excusable slips from grace, rather than crimes. The only reason for their doing so seems to be their undeclared and perhaps unrecognized admission of shared guilt. If this is true, then jurors are influenced in favor of an accused driver even before evidence is heard, in which case they are not competent to give an impartial judgment.

Consolation Prizes

CIVIC PRIDE takes some curious twists in an atomic age. A community which cannot boast about its "dynamic growth" and "industrial integration" can still find consolation in the thought that it is not likely to be suddenly vaporized. The other day, for example, the McComb (Mississippi) *Enterprise-Journal* observed: "Moscow wouldn't waste ammunition on McComb or the McComb area. This is learned from the map of critical targets in the U.S.A. McComb and the region about us is not on that map. Isn't it wonderful to be so poor that it is considered a waste of good atomic power to aim it our way?"

Young Soloist

WHEN WE saw that Josephine Chuchman was to be the soloist with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra the other evening, we recalled that she had joined the orchestra as a violinist last year, the youngest musician (at 20 years of age) ever to become a regular member of that organization. So we went around to wish her luck, and found her nervously plucking the strings of her violin.

"This belongs to an old school friend of mine who is in Ottawa now," she said. "I'll have to fly up there at the week-end and return it. I'll never dare to face him if I make a mess of my solo. My own instrument is a Panormo, made in 1748, and is a few years older than this. I'm very fond of it, but this seems to have a fuller tone."

She took a quick look out at the orchestra, which was having a gay time with *Serenade for Strings*. "I'm dreadfully nervous," she said. "Knowing all these people makes it worse. If I pull a boner tonight, the rest of the orchestra will tease me about it for the rest of the season. I've played solo many times before, of course—in about 40 Department of Education concerts throughout Ontario, at the Canadian National Exhibition and at a youth concert once at Carnegie Hall—but this is the first time I've played with all the orchestra there to hear me."

When she was in New York, she was invited to an audition by an American impresario; she did not accept because she had to play with the Symphony next day. "People won't believe me when I tell them," she said, "but I really don't have any ambition to be a soloist. They seem to lead such lonely lives; bookings are arranged for them, and that's where they go. Music plays havoc with my social life as it is, but it's worth it, and at least I'm able to stay at home. I was born in Edmonton, but I studied at the Royal Conservatory here. The only thing I'd like to do apart from playing a violin is to run a ranch. I'm crazy about horses. Unfortunately, music and ranching don't seem to mix."

She walked to the front of the orchestra, a tall, slender girl in a blue taffeta evening gown. After a nervous start, she settled nicely into Beethoven's *Romance No. 2 in F*. When it was over, the critics complimented her on her excellent technique, sincerity and rich tone.

JOSEPHINE CHUCHMAN: Soloists are lonely people.

The Precise East

WE HAVE been reading a communique on "The Results of the Korea War," issued jointly by the Supreme Command of the Korean People's Army and the Headquarters of the Chinese People's Volunteers, and we find it an admirable bit of precise reporting. No round figures or general statements in the sloppy Western fashion for these soldierly characters, but exact totals every time; under "captured," for example, they list 833 bazookas, 10,016 heavy or light machine-guns, 69,711 sub-machine guns and 224,123 hand grenades. One item, however, seems open to question: 21,245,071 rounds of ammunition captured. We doubt if even people possessed of the traditional patience of the Orient can count that much of anything without hurrying the tally every so often.

The Limit of Dignity

THE GRAVEYARD censors are at it again. A few weeks ago we noted that a man had been appointed in Luton, England, to make sure that no epitaph on a gravestone in that sober municipality exceeded the limits of corporate dullness and dignity—to see that the epitaphs were as cold as the bodies beneath them. Now the city council of Leeds, England, has decided that epitaphs there must not run to more than 40 letters. Mrs. Mary Pearce, chairman of the parks and cemeteries committee, said the decision was made because "we are trying to avoid ostentation in the cemetery. Real dignity lies in simplicity." So intent on simplicity are the Leeds authorities that they have ordered 19 letters erased from one epitaph which reads: "In loving memory of a dear wife and mother. Died July, 1953. Aged 75 years."

The Leeds people have gone far beyond the Luton concept; unwilling to trust their civic dignity to one fallible human, they have laid down the rules: 40 letters are the limit of ostentation. Possibly the aldermen decided on 40 after carrying out "readability" tests (reading time: 5 seconds) but we rather doubt it, because apparently they have failed to specify how many words are permitted within the bounds of 40 letters.

If they carry their idea to its logical conclusion, of course, they will remove all letters from the gravestones. There is nothing simpler than bare stone. Then they could pass a by-law requiring that all gravestones look alike, and put one comprehensive sign at the front of the cemetery: "This is an area for disposal of dead bodies. A nominal roll may be obtained at the City Hall." They'd have to do better than that, however—too many letters.

Prices, Sales and People

UNLESS THE REPORTS published by the newspapers were badly garbled, what went on at a meeting of the British Columbia Trades Union Congress a while ago was as bewildering as an abstractionist's nightmare.

First, Walter Reuther, President of the CIO, told the union delegates that Canadian workers should continue to drive for higher wages in 1954 "because we haven't yet reached a satisfactory solution of the distribution of production." Then, stating the theory that "social justice is indivisible," he said, "We can't have half the world fed and the other half starving and expect the world to live in peace." His listeners applauded Mr. Reuther, and went on to matters closer to home. They blamed unemployment on the way natural resources were being exported instead of being turned into domestic industries, and urged the Federal Government to reduce immigration until "expansion of our own resources and restoration of former markets" have had a chance to strengthen Canada's economy.

Without getting into a debate about the validity of claims for higher pay, it can be accepted that wages are an important part of the cost of any commodity. When wages go up, so do costs and, ultimately, prices. If the prices of the goods we produce are too high for the purses of people in other lands who want to buy, we cannot sell to them, no matter how much they need the food or anything else. We can give away our unsold surplus, of course, but that only means that we keep spending our own money on goods we cannot use, which becomes a sort of economic cannibalism if

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carried on for any length of time.

Mr. Reuther may know of some way to sell high-priced commodities in a low-price world, but if he does he has shown little inclination to share his knowledge. It would have been of particular value to the BC Congress, whose members are so anxious about Canada's export trade—the business of selling to other countries. Some of our export difficulties are the result of barriers to trade put up by other nations, but many are caused by our apparent inability to meet the prices of our competitors. If we are to withdraw from that competition, we must either sell a great deal more at home or cut our production. But we cannot increase domestic consumption enough to make up for heavy losses in exports if the number of consumers remains static; our population must grow, and the best way of bringing that about is by getting more people to come to Canada from other lands.

Unless Mr. Reuther and the Congress have some economic truth hitherto unrevealed to humanity, we do not see how they can have higher prices, more exports, increased production and a fixed domestic market all at the one time.

Just a Rumor

AN OFFICIAL of the Saskatchewan Farmers' Union was quoted as saying that reports about Britain being in no hurry to buy wheat at present prices were "insidious propaganda from overseas aimed at getting cheap wheat for Britain." Now we're waiting for someone to tell us that all this talk about the elevators, barns, and every other bit of storage space being full of hard wheat is just a nasty rumor started by saboteurs from the Grain Exchange, and that there isn't a glut at all—at least, not so much that a little old crop failure wouldn't fix.

A Canadian Tradition

THE NEW Speaker of the House of Commons, Louis René Beaudoin, came to his job much better publicized than most of his predecessors, largely because of a controversy inspired by the Ottawa *Journal*. When Prime Minister St. Laurent told newspapermen in mid-October that he intended to propose to the Commons that Mr. Beaudoin be the next Speaker, the *Journal* criticized him harshly on the ground that the choice of a Speaker "is in no sense the choice of the Government nor the Prime Minister, but the choice of the House alone." The Prime Minister replied quickly: while it was a British Parliamentary tradition that private members move and second the nomination of the Speaker, it was not a Canadian tradition; "the practice has been that the motion for the election of the Speaker is made by the one who happens to be the Leader of the Government in the House."

The *Journal* and some others saw contempt for Parliament in Mr. St. Laurent's procedure, and included every Prime Minister, from Sir John A. Macdonald on, in their indictment. They did not make out a convincing case against the Canadian tradition, however, and the leaders of the parties in Opposition gave no evidence of being disturbed by the continuing practice. Indeed, Mr. St. Laurent said he had already "discussed the matter with Mr. Drew . . . and he told me that he would be happy to second" the motion that Mr. Beaudoin be named.

It all made an interesting little argument for a few days, and if it did nothing else it served to attract some deserved attention to the job of Speaker of the House. The quality of the Speaker is a measure of the quality of the Commons. As the arbiter in questions of conduct and procedure, he must not only have a keen mind to employ the thorough knowledge required for parliamentary judgment, but must win the respect of members of all parties for his impartiality. In addition, by applying the rules of debate strictly, he can appreciably reduce the amount of aimless talk in the Commons, sharpen its tone and speed the handling of the nation's business.

Mr. Beaudoin can enlarge his already excellent reputation by such strict application. Over the years a considerable amount of laxity has been permitted to creep into Commons debates; members have been allowed to run over their time limits, to use notes extensively and to talk on an amazing variety of unrelated subjects. Mr. Beaudoin will be doing everyone a favor if he cracks down on these silly excesses.

Death of the Fox

THE QUICK brown fox no longer jumps over the lazy dog, and all good men are no longer required to come to the aid of the party. Their place has been taken by a warlike manoeuvre, a threat that "a quick movement of the enemy would jeopardize six gunboats." We have this on the word of Miss Irma Wright, who makes a habit of winning the Canadian championship for speed-typing. The dangerous position of the six gunboats, it seems, makes a much better sentence for use by practising typists than the old-fashioned brown fox and loyal party supporter.

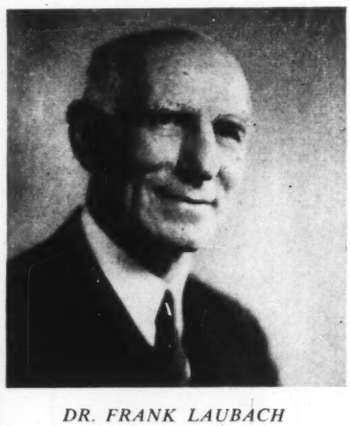
It was inevitable that the fox and the good men would be swept away by the harsh realities of a world bent on efficient destruction, but we can at least mourn their passing. They were symbols of an unhurried, sturdy age, a time when good men, firm in their own loyalties, could have quiet fun with the thought of an acrobatic fox doing nothing but leaping back and forth across the body of a tired and uninterested dog. Now we must think of gunboats and quick movements by the enemy.

Even so, whoever phrased the new line for industrious typists deserves praise for literary restraint. After all, gunboats are puny bits of armament these days, and "quick" has almost an archaic sound to a generation accustomed to the scream of jets. The sentence might have read, "Space bombers are blasting the galactic tyrants with excessive zeal," or "The electronic manipulation of exaggerated neutrons will shortly be finalized." So while we shed a tear for the fox and the good men, we can console ourselves that their replacement might have been a good deal worse.

Against Illiteracy

WHEN WE met Dr. Frank Laubach the other day, he was preparing to talk about his vocation of teaching people to read. A tall, spare, 69-year-old missionary, he had been brought to Toronto by the Canadian School of Missions to tell about some of the things he had done and learnt during his 40-year struggle against illiteracy in more than 80 countries. He had just returned from India and was preparing to re-visit Egypt, Pakistan and Afghanistan.

"Although we work on the 'each one, teach one' principle, which has meant almost 60 million pupils as the result of our work, world populations are growing so fast that there are probably still three out of every five adults in the world who can't read, and that figure is nearer nine out of ten in Asia. Even when we've got them reading, our job isn't finished,



DR. FRANK LAUBACH

because they need not only things to read but reading matter that will be useful to them. We've been taking writers and newspapermen out to the more illiterate places to teach the technique of modern journalism and ways of marshalling facts so that they're readable. We've used strip cartoons, too, and while people might complain that if they read strips they won't read John Milton, at least they're learning things—how to grow better crops and gain better health."

Son of a Pennsylvania dentist, Dr. Laubach went as a missionary to the Philippines during World War I. By the time he got back to the United States, word of his work had preceded him. "One day in a church in Newark, New Jersey, I was talking to two wealthy men," he said. "They seemed to be very interested and then one of them said, 'Well, you won't need to go short of funds as long as we're around.' They put down $20,000 for our use that very day. We really haven't looked back since then. The United States Government makes a substantial annual grant, and churches and other organizations also contribute through World Literacy Inc. Siam has been very generous and Indonesia has invested about $30,000 for us to go there. But there's always need for expansion. The Communists have been busy, trying to influence the very people we should be teaching. Fortunately most of their literature is dull, and nobody will read dull stuff when brighter things are available."

His wife, a former nurse, and son Robert, a university lecturer, often accompany him on his trips. Dr. Laubach said he had no hobbies and seldom gets the opportunity to stay for any length of time in his home in New York City. "If I did have time," he said, "I think I'd like to reform the English language, with all its misspellings and irregular pronunciation."

A New Menace

TO THOSE constant pests at public performances, the Late-comer and the Hacker-and-Cougher, has been added a third, the Amateur Movie-maker. The first two we can, on occasion, forgive; we have all been late at one time or another, and we all know that even the best regulated plans can be kicked into a cocked hat by such things as baby-sitters and traffic jams; we know, too, that not all coughs and sneezes can be stifled. But not a word can be said in defence of the last of the trio—not when he attends concerts, anyway.

The Amateur Movie-maker comes loaded with equipment and mischief. He is never late, nor is he so early that he must not fiddle with his light-meter and other gadgets at the start of the performance. By the time the orchestra has reached the first pianissimo, or the ballet dancer is poised on her points, or the actor takes a stance for a soliloquy, he is ready: his machine whirs a pestiferous obbligato, his elbow jabs you in the eye, he mutters apologies as he clambers over you to get new "angles." In brief, he is a public menace who ought to be suppressed. A pox on him. May his filter be dirty, his lens cracked and his negatives blurred.

Missing Things

THERE WAS considerable excitement a couple of weeks ago when a Venetian gondola got lost somewhere between Brooklyn and Cincinnati, but it subsided quickly when the police of four states, with the help of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, tracked down the driver of the truck carrying the craft. Probably inspired by the *dolce far niente* influence of his cargo, he had decided to make a few side trips on his way. It was a dismal anti-climax to what could have been a wonderfully exciting tale: the possibility of a gondola moving mysteriously about the United States would have given much pleasure to idle minds like ours. However, we can always go back to wondering about the Chemical Warfare detachment we ran across in Italy some years ago. They did not know why they had been sent there, what they were supposed to do or where they were to go; but with typical British aplomb, they settled into a comfortable little village, drew rations regularly and, as far as we know, lived happily ever after.

Letters

The Case of Carlyle

IT WAS quite a shock to me to read Robertson Davies's savage criticism of Carlyle. If the article had been written anonymously I would have taken it to be the work of an immature modern indulging in a little debunking of the Victorians. But Robertson Davies's contributions to SATURDAY NIGHT are anything but immature; they rank with the finest literary material appearing in any journal in North America. It is hard therefore to understand why he slipped so badly on Carlyle.

Seeing that some of our modern literary schools appear to cultivate unintelligibility as a prime virtue, why so much emphasis on the difficulties and eccentricities of Carlyle's style? Some of those who are first to boggle at the twists and curiosities of Sartor are the enthusiasts who see nothing eccentric or unintelligible in Joyce's Ulysses.

If you want clear, well written, classical prose, with no twists or personal characteristics, then read the four volumes of Carlyle's Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. They are just as well written and as easy to read as the Miscellaneous Essays of DeQuincey . . .

Montreal H. LL. PRITCHARD

SATURDAY NIGHT shows its liberal views in at least two articles in the current issue (Oct. 31).

Your Front Page note on the Supreme Court's judgment on the Jehovah Witnesses' case represents a view which must still be kept alive by eternal vigilance.

Comments of Robertson Davies on Carlyle are in the same vein. The philosophies of Carlyle and Hegel may have had more than a little to do with the unfortunate developments of totalitarianism in Germany. Such articles as these will help to prevent, or will at least mitigate this tendency in our country.

Montreal D. N. S. ROBERTSON

France and Wine

REGARDING Mr. Badger's letter . . . The "Report of the Alcohol Subcommittee of the World Health Organizations Expert Committee on Mental Health" (WHO Technical Report Series No. 42, published by WHO, Geneva), gives the following figures on world alcoholism (per 100,000 adults): U.S.A. 3,952, France 2,850, Australia 1,340, England and Wales 1,100, Italy 500.

As these figures show, the United States leads, with almost 4 per cent of the adult population alcoholics. No sane person has ever contended that the U.S. is a wine drinking nation, so wine cannot be blamed for U.S. alcoholism.

France today has almost 3 per cent of the population alcoholics, although as recently as 1946 things were not half or even a quarter as bad. If the change has taken place recently, the big question then is, why has alcoholism increased so rapidly in France over the short term of five years?

The answer is not hard to ascertain, because French drinking habits have radically changed in the last few years. The advent of millions of foreign troops on to their soil bringing with them a plentiful supply of spirits against a scarcity of wine amongst the native population has influenced the drinking habits of the entire adult population to such a degree that France can no longer be classed as a wine drinking nation . . .

In the interests of clear thinking do not let us confuse the France that was with the France that is. Let us judge wine as a beverage on its merits and not on preconceived notions based on a desire to win an argument at any cost.

Wine has given man health, hope and inspiration through many centuries and will continue to do so for the intelligent majority (99½ per cent as the figures show). Let us not condemn wine out of hand nor blame it as a cause of alcoholism just because it contains alcohol, any more than we will condone the hanging of Willie Doe just because his cousin Joe Doe is a murderer.

Toronto B. C. WALTERS

Ability to Drive

THERE WAS A police court case the other day in which a magistrate ruled that a woman, charged with driving while her ability was impaired by alcohol, did not in fact have any driving ability to impair—she was learning how to handle an automobile. There may be wry humor in that incident, but is it not true that a very large percentage of people at the wheels of high-powered vehicles do not have the ability to drive? . . .

There is one inexpensive way many of our traffic problems could be solved, if the authorities had the courage to take it; this is to give every would-be driver a proper test—not just a simple around-the-block spin, but a thorough examination in mechanical ability, courtesy, reflexes and "traffic thinking." The incompetents would be swept from the roads, the remainder would drive like sensible people and the newspapers would not carry lists of traffic accidents each day . . .

Oshawa, Ont. JAMES B. THOMSON

A Matter of Taste

I HEARTILY DISAGREE with your description of the CBC as "a dubious dose of medicine".

I am writing this because I am sick and tired of defending the CBC, which, on the whole, is like defending marriage. A lot of people can't make a "go" of it, but many people do. Most of the people that I hear attacking the CBC never listen to it because they "just know" it's no good. I believe that they don't want anything that will make them think, because so far in life they've got along without it.

I have also found that the common people are incapable of making correct decisions in arguments of this sort. They elect men to government to make this sort of decision for them, and a good thing, too. Would you argue that because the majority of the people don't like opera, that it's no good? You will also admit that some people have better taste than others, not just different taste. I do not claim to be one of these people . . .

Estevan, Sask. N. J. BRUCE

EDITOR'S NOTE: We would hate opera if a monopoly tried to stuff it down our throat. And we're sure our Member of Parliament will be flattered by Reader Bruce's opinion of the selective taste of the "common people".

Aristocracy Needed?

THE TIME has surely come for the Canadian Government to reconsider its ill-advised ban against titles—or rather its "request" that the reigning monarch not confer titles on Canadians. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, the National Film Board and similar organizations, one of whose reasons for being was to try to prevent Canada from becoming a cultural dependency of the United States, have just about abandoned the struggle . . .

What is needed to preserve the quality of Canadian life and to counteract the influence of the nauseating philosophy of "the common man" is a Canadian aristocracy, a superior group whose eminence should get proper recognition; the less able, less gifted need someone to look up to, but cannot do it now because the ubiquitous "Mr." implants the idea that everyone is created equal—which, of course, is a complete absurdity . . .

Ottawa JAMES HARDING

Rules of Language

IN SATURDAY NIGHT of Oct. 24 Mr. Lee describes his perplexity at "an adjective used to modify a verb," and questions the correctness of this construction in Mr. Hankinson's letter of September 26. But a 10-year-old school child could have told Mr. Lee that the adjective does not modify the verb, but, as with most intransitive copulative verbs, it is a modifier of the subject. Such verbs (be, taste, and feel, in their intransitive forms) cannot be modified by adverbs, except in cases such as "I feel well" which run counter to the "rules" to which Mr. Lee apparently wants us to give observance.

But the question of the "rules," and the "purity of the language" in English has always been a prominent one. However, it has never been by the power of authority that our language has grown. A cursory reading of the chief text books on the language, (Wyld, McKnight), would reveal that it has been formed by the constant interaction of authority and usage. In North America, for reasons which would take too long to describe, authority has guided the language, much more than the "best usage," in the last two centuries. This has resulted in a number of striking differences between North American and British constructions. The British, still in the phase of taking "usage" as their guide, tolerate and endorse such phrases on the BBC as: "The Air Ministry *have* issued a weather forecast," or, "The Cabinet *are* making their decision tonight." To complain that such constructions are corrupt, or even illogical, is to ignore the basic conditions which affect the growth of the English language. Are the words "apron" and "adder" corrupt, since their original form in the 14th century was "napron" and "nadder"? Do we mispronounce "boil," and "join" simply because in the early 18th century they were pronounced "bile" and "jine"?

Certainly there are dangers in accepting "usage" as our sole guide, too. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who, is quoted in Mr. Lee's letter has what may be described as an Oxford accent. This accent requires "girl" to be pronounced "gel," and its speakers would shun "in back of" or "visit *with*" as intolerable vulgarities.

Our guides must be usage *and* authority . . .

Cornwall, Ont. PATRICK LYNDON

The Graustarkian Theme

YOUR reviewer of *Roman Holiday* (Oct. 10) describes the film as "a variation on the Graustarkian theme invented by George Barr McCutcheon about the beginning of the century." Was not the true "inventor" of the theme the English author, Anthony Hope (Hawkins), whose *Prisoner of Zenda* (1894) had the gallant commoner winning the love of a princess but (as in *Roman Holiday* and unlike the Graustarkian formula as I recall it) relinquishing her in favor of her royal fiance?

Toronto J. A. MCNEIL

EDITOR'S NOTE: The theme of the gallant commoner winning the love of a princess and relinquishing her to her royal duties is one of the oldest in literature. What McCutcheon added in his Graustark stories was the high-flown romance between *American* heroes and titled heroines, just what is found in *Roman Holiday*.

The Total Job

IT may be that the following statement, made recently by Dr. N. A. M. MacKenzie (President of the University of BC) in his final report, may be of interest to some of your readers . . .

"When some of us at the universities complain of the lack of preparation of the students who come to us from the high schools we seem unaware of the fact that the problems arising out of the total educational task involve the universities and the communities just as fully and as intimately as they do the high schools . . . The total educational job is a most difficult and complex one and it cannot be tackled effectively except by collaboration and in co-operation."

South Burnaby, BC. L. JOHN PRIOR

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The Film Industry's First 50 Years

By WOODMAN LAMB

IT IS 60 years since Edison's Kinetoscope first appeared in the penny arcades of North America, and 50 since Edwin S. Porter made *The Great Train Robbery* and gave form and direction to the fumbling, primitive art-form that was to grow into the industry which did a gross business of more than $1,100 million in the United States alone last year. The motion picture companies are celebrating the anniversaries of those events, but they are doing so at a time when their industry seems to be almost as uncertain of its future as when, half a century ago, the novelty of watching flickering photographs projected on a screen attracted the curious to the converted shops, storerooms and barns that were called nickelodeons.

Edison was by no means the first to produce a device for showing pictures in such rapid succession that the figures in them appeared to be moving. During the 1870s, Eadweard Muybridge and J. D. Isaacs took serial photographs of a horse race, using a row of cameras with electrically operated shutters, and Muybridge invented a revolving disk to project the photos. During the next decade, E. J. Marey, a French doctor, improved on Muybridge's methods, while Edison and his associates were working on the Kinetograph, a camera using rolls of coated celluloid film, and the Kinetoscope, a machine to show the serial pictures. It was the immediate popularity of the Kinetoscope, however, which stimulated the interest of both inventors and promoters in pictures that would show motion, and after Edison put his machine on the market in 1893 there was a surge of inventive activity in Europe as well as the United States. Within two years, the Lumière brothers had invented the Cinematographe, for taking and projecting moving pictures, and similar pieces of apparatus, notably the Pantopticon and the Vitascope, were produced in the U.S.

The new machines soon supplanted the Kinetoscope, but the men who handled them showed little understanding of their potentialities until a French producer, George Méliés, began to experiment with camera techniques, film cutting and the use of connected incidents to tell a story. The American, Porter, saw some of the French productions, studied them, developed his own ideas on editing and the joining of separate themes in one narrative, and produced *The Great Train Robbery*.

Porter's film was more than a popular success. It opened the minds of imaginative men to the opportunities of story-telling by means of motion pictures, and in so doing breathed vigorous life into what had been a sickly, uncertain infant. One of the men who saw what could be done was David Wark Griffith, probably the greatest single contributor to the art of film-making during the industry's first 50 years of existence. He made the single shot the unit in editing film, gave the camera mobility and injected flexibility, dramatic force and cohesion into the production by the use of close-ups, dissolves and fade-ins. With *The Birth of a Nation*, which Griffith produced in 1915, the industry approached lusty young manhood.

The first full-length "features" had already been made in Europe, the most notable being the Italian production of *Quo Vadis?* in 1913, but it was Griffith who showed how spectacle and drama could be captured on film, and it was his creative work which led directly to the fine contributions made by German and Russian producers to the motion-picture art, beginning early in the 1920s.

By this time, the star system was well established. In the early films, the players were anonymous, but along came Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish and Charlie Chaplin to capture the hearts of millions of people and force the film-makers to the realization that the name of a favorite player was a better box-office lure than anything else. Soon names like Theda Bara, William S. Hart and Rudolph Valentino became household words, and the system became an incubus which the industry has never been able to shake off.

Wide-World

CHARLIE CHAPLIN and Jackie Coogan in the "The Kid", a silent classic

A SCENE from "The Robe" (20th Century-Fox) which introduced CinemaScope

The first two decades of the industry's life saw two other important developments: Hollywood became the film capital of the United States, and the United States, with the help of the First World War, far outstripped all other countries in volume and quality of production. Most of the early films were made in and around New York, where actors were plentiful and stage scenery cheap. But indoor lighting was primitive and outdoor weather uncertain. Besides, there had been so many bitter struggles over patents that several companies united in 1909 to form the Motion Picture Patents Company in an effort to control production and distribution. Independent groups moved to Los Angeles, conveniently close to the Mexican border in case they had to dodge injunctions. The advantage of climate was quickly recognized, the movement West continued, and the strange place known as Hollywood came into being. The producers were well enough established by the time Europe became embroiled in war to expand, during the next dozen years, to the point where they virtually had control of the distribution of motion pictures throughout the world. Anti-trust suits and import controls by foreign governments have cut into the position, but it is still extremely strong: in 1951, that part of the world not under the control of the USSR had 54,107,150 motion picture theatres, and 74 per cent of the running time of these was taken up by U.S. films.

The industry has always been restlessly experimenting on the technical side. It was inevitable that sound and color would be wedded to motion. Sound effects and music were used successfully in 1926, and the following year dialogue was added to *The Jazz Singer*, which starred the late Al Jolson. With that film it was obvious to everyone that the silent era had ended —not without regret for many people who had delighted in the superb pantomime of Chaplin and other great comedians, and who knew that, with pictures talking, actors would never again have to rely exclusively on bodily movement to make an audience laugh and cry as Chaplin did in such a film as *The Kid*, with Jackie Coogan in 1920. Color was added with the development of Technicolor in 1932, and after that the industry concentrated on improving these new ingredients until the advent of television, following the Second World War.

IT WOULD BE NO exaggeration to say that television caused a panic in Hollywood. The big year for the motion picture industry was 1946, when gross receipts in the United States climbed to $1,512 million. The following year they were down to $1,407 million, and kept going down until in 1951 they were $1,166 million. By the end of 1952, over 5,000 of the 18,500 indoor theatres in the United States had closed.

The reaction of the film companies was varied. While some sought new gimmicks to lure audiences from the television screens, others tried putting out a superior product. How the latter failed was told recently by Arthur Mayer, the veteran film executive, in a report published in the *Saturday Review*: "To combat the challenge of television, M-G-M and Twentieth Century-Fox, at that time the best organized and most alert studios in Hollywood . . . decided that the time was ripe to supply the screens of the nation with a product directed at a higher intellectual level than had in the past proved palatable or profitable. The addicts of quantity in entertainment could, they figured, linger at home . . . while those who preferred quality would at long last find their more rarefied tastes gratified with

greater frequency at their local theatre . . . Never before had they turned out so high a percentage of adult films. And never before did they suffer such catastrophic consequences."

Other companies investigated technical possibilities and there was a sudden flood of innovations based on the use of wide screens and devices to give the illusion of depth. These simmered down pretty well to 3-D, Cinerama and CinemaScope, and were described by Dore Schary, production chief for M-G-M, in an article written for SATURDAY NIGHT a few months ago. All three processes are an effort to heighten reality on the screen. The Three-Dimensional films try to do this by providing depth, while the others are an attempt to fill the entire field of vision with the image, Cinerama by means of a wide, curved screen piecing together three pictures, and CinemaScope by a simpler, one-camera method of projecting a huge image.

The success of the first 3-D films, *Bwana Devil, House of Wax* and *Sangaree* raised high hopes in Hollywood that the answer to television had been found, but the productions were crude and it quickly became obvious that, once it was no longer a novelty, 3-D had to be used with more intelligence if the interest of audiences was to be sustained. Unlike sound, 3-D adds nothing to the actual telling of a story, but it can add richness to reality and power to dramatic effect. When Hollywood learns to use it with restraint, there is no doubt that films will have new and satisfying qualities of beauty and depth. The advantage over television will be temporary, however, because there is no reason to suppose that TV technicians will not add 3-D as well as color to the home screens.

The wide screens of Cinerama and CinemaScope cannot be duplicated in the home, of course. Indeed, the expensive methods of the former may be too much for even the theatres in the smaller communities. But these innovations have their own weaknesses. While they are admirable vehicles for the film spectacle, action on an epic scale, it is difficult to see how they can be used successfully for the intimate and the tender scenes which are just as much a part of story-telling as the heroic. One cannot imagine Hollywood abandoning intimacy and tenderness to the television studios.

It is impossible to tell what will ultimately develop from the ferment within the film industry itself and from its struggle with television for audiences, but my guess is that it will go like this:

The industry will learn how to bring together 3-D and the wide screen in a form that will best serve the purpose of motion pictures — the telling of a story. It will do this for theatre audiences, and at the same time will work in close co-operation with television. Even now, better than $20 million a year is being spent on films for TV. Last year, a Columbia subsidiary agreed to make 39 half-hour screenplays for Ford, with Ford paying about three-quarters of the cost for the right to two TV showings. Television consumes the material of entertainment at a terrifying rate, and it is logical to expect that the film industry will find more and more of an opportunity to feed that hunger. Right now the problem is cost; while some independent producers have been able to make good films for as low as $150,000, the big studios expect their full-length features to cost them between $1 and $2 million, and TV simply cannot afford that sort of thing.

There is another new development, however, which may provide the solution for film-TV co-operation. This is subscription, or pay-as-you-see television, which has been given limited tests in the United States. The time may come when motion pictures will get their first showing on special TV networks, with subscribers paying a fee for the privilege of watching the new film, which would later be distributed for showing in theatres.

That the shape of the film industry will change even more during its next half-century than in the first 50 years is certain, but to argue that it is doomed is absurd. It will exist, in one form or another, just as long as human beings are interested in visual entertainment.

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Mr. Lie claimed the Canadian Government is one of the strongest UN supporters. He termed Canada understanding and reliable, and said if it supported something, it did so 10 per cent, while if it did not support it, it stood firm, but remained friendly.— *Toronto Daily Star.*

Pretty reserved, these Canadians.

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Television

Women's Work Is Never Done

A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO I took a day off and lounged around our house collecting information about daytime television. I must report that in this no-man's-land of video everything is beautiful and only durance is vile. The one thing I did find out was why my shirts don't get ironed: my wife is too busy copying down Marion Roberts's recipes, crying her heart out over Susan Douglas in "Guiding Light," and dreaming up ways to beat me out of enough loot to buy the things that an announcer called John Corbett advertises on "Johnnie's Show," from Buffalo, N.Y., at 1.45 p.m. Daytime TV is the best thing invented to keep the housewife happy since the wooden baby cradle passed away.

All kidding aside, it's pretty good stuff, and I wonder now why I didn't buy a set earlier, so that the lady who burns the Yorkshire pudding in our place would have had something to think of other than what bar I was going to frequent between 5.00 and 10.00 p.m. Take Arthur Godfrey, for instance; his particular type of free-wheeling dicto-benevolence comes over much better in the morning than it does later in the day. And then, of course, there are the soap operas. Soap operas on radio used to be something that I wouldn't have been found dead listening to, but I found that I could watch them on TV.

Such a female institution as the soap opera cannot be dismissed lightly. There was one on the day that I played hookey from the office that had a doctor as the protagonist. Through intelligence given me by my wife and daughter, I learnt that this guy was playing around with a nurse at the hospital where he practised his bedside manner, and although his wife didn't exactly know about his gynæcological shenanigans she was a little suspicious because they, meaning herself and baby, had been living with her people since the wedding, and she thought it was about time that they could afford to rent a place of their own.

My wife, who is an otherwise charming lady, has a tendency to associate me with all wife-deserters, male divorcees, and other types of marital hellions, and when she was filling in the background of this soap saga she transferred her hatred of the doctor to me, via a look in her eye that I have come to recognize over the years. I was glad when the whole thing was over. The medium is different, but it is still the same old suds.

Just about the time that I was thinking I must change my brand of opium, the screen came alive, to use the term loosely, with an English movie starring a youthful Leslie Howard epic. England makes the best movies in the world, for my money, but the ones that are being re-shown on television should have been cut up for mandolin picks years ago. I can't tell you much about the picture because I dozed off towards the end, but I think that Leslie Howard was about to be hanged. This was a travesty of justice, if there ever was one, for it should have been the producer.

My nine-year-old son, who was staying home from school with a hangover on the day I am talking about, has a wonderfully retentive memory for advertising jingles, and he can anticipate them all from Bond's Bread to the Camel Caravan. One of his favorites apparently concerns two daytime characters called "Vapo" and "Rub" who have usurped the place in the advertising scheme of things once occupied by "Trade" and "Mark," and about time, too. These two cartoon characters advertise Vick's Vaporub, and accompanying the advertising was a scene showing a mother holding her son over a boiling saucepan of the stuff. This familiar scene took me back thirty-five years to a day when my old English grandma held me over a boiling cauldron of tar that was being used to mend a street, because I was suffering from whooping cough. I don't believe that boiling tar is a better cure for respiratory ailments than Vick's, but I'm here, ain't I?

ANOTHER PROGRAM that took my fancy was one called "I'll Buy That." This program, a panel job of the type of "What's My Line?", appears Tuesdays and Thursdays at 2.00 p.m., and has four people, representing stage, films, and culture, who guess what the contestant is trying to sell. We found it hilarious, for on the day that we saw it such things were offered for sale as Marlon Brando's T-shirt from *A Streetcar Named Desire*, an Indian war bonnet and a triplet baby carriage. The triplet carriage, of course, resulted in some trying *double entendres*. One of the panel, Audrey Meadows, who plays on the Jackie Gleason Show, made remarks such as, "Does the object for sale result from work over and above the call of duty?" and "Is it something that might result from a trip to Atlantic City?"

I'd long ago thought of Kate Smith in the same nostalgic vein that I think of Bing Crosby's twenty-year-old Primo Cigars program, but here she was again, twice as large as life, singing *When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain* and being MC'd by Ted Collins. Ted, who has lost some hair and gained some waistline, ran the show smoothly but kept saying things like, "New York has about 8 million people, roughly speaking—of course 2 million don't speak roughly." The cameras took me on a trip along 44th Street and it was just the same as I remembered it from the days when I bused dishes at 44th and Lexington for twelve dollars a week. There were

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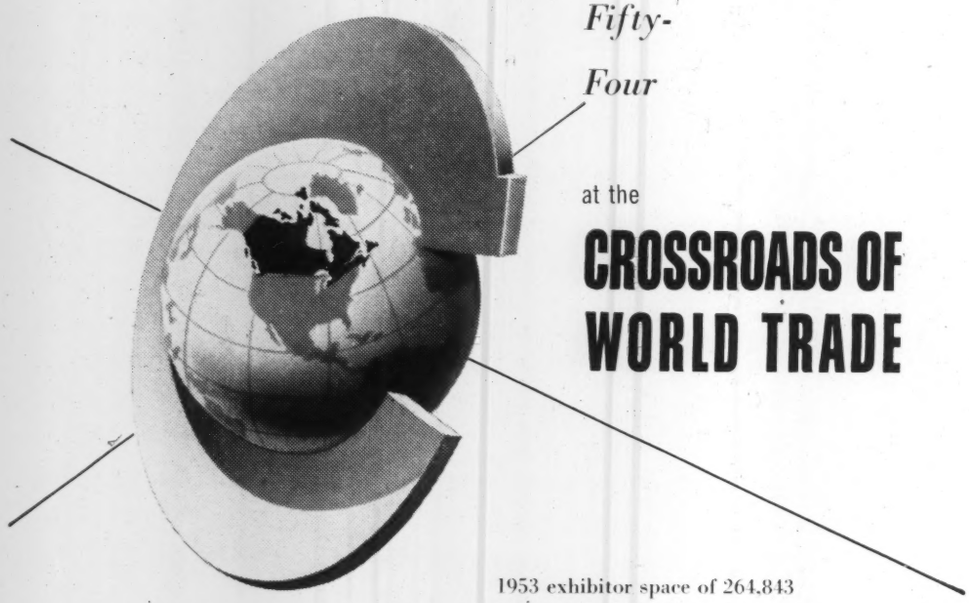

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three dancers who led us down past the hotels, pawnshops, and theatre marquees, and they were excellent. I felt twenty years younger and fifty pounds lighter when it was over, and a little sad and sentimental too.

Another program that I watched was called "Meet The Millers," and featured a man and wife nipping around a kitchen cooking copious amounts of delicious food. I couldn't figure out what Mr. Miller was doing in a kitchen when he should have been out working in a tin plate foundry, but the food they demonstrated was wonderful-looking chow and caused me to dart into *our* kitchen and steal three slices of liverwurst and a half pound of cheese from the icebox. There were several other cooking demonstrations during the day, and now I know where my wife gets the idea of baking hamburg steak in cabbage leaves and whipping up batches of cookies that taste like a mixture of jujubes and liquorice root.

The *pièces de résistance* of daytime TV are the tear-jerking programs that come at the end of the afternoon, or about an hour before the male members of the household throw themselves from their cars and buses with the cares of the day behind them. The best-known one is a program called "Welcome Travellers," run by a Billy Graham-ish young fellow named Tommy Bartlett. The idea is that several people who have lived exemplary lives, who haven't kicked their mothers for a month, for example, are paraded before the cameras and, while straightening their halos with one hand, declaim their virtues with the other. Everything is sweetness and light, and the whole thing is carried on in the pseudo-sanctimonious tones of an undertaker asking to see his client's insurance policies. For their virtuous deeds these people are given sums of money, clothing, furniture, and what not, and by the time the program finishes everybody with a TV set is reduced to a blubbering mass of sentimental jelly.

The women go mad about the program, and if you find that the mashed potatoes are soggy when you sit down to dinner, you now know that the extra water came from women's weeping, and what can any man say about that?

HUGH GARNER

•

In Praise of Old Measures

Some like their
wine
in plastic moulded cup of abstract odd
design
and some drink from bent tin can
rust-spotted jagged
or paper folded into goathorn precarious
others bottle to mouth swig.
Polish me yet a wine-glass, slender-
stemmed,
Of shape found good some centuries
ago;
Let crystal form, though for mere
age condemned,
Enhance the magic of good wine's
rich glow.

D. KERMODE PARR

The Social Scene

Who's For Mars?

OF THESE ARE FRETFUL days for those of us who are waiting around for the departure of the first rocket ship to some adjacent planet. Nobody knows when the ship will leave, or even whether it hasn't already left. This is bad enough. What's worse, nobody knows who will be the passengers on the first trip.

Although, so far as I can discover from the popular press, no country in the world plans to use atom bombs against anything but human beings, the creatures used in all the tests have not been humans but valuable goats, monkeys, pigs, and other familiar members of the animal world. Modern science is remarkably set in its ways, and notorious for ignoring the social aspect of all its works. It's a fair guess that the passengers on the first few trips to Mars will be goats and monkeys too. And what we need to get straight right now is this: what chance will we have with the Martians if the goats and monkeys arrive there ahead of us?

There's only one answer: practically none. By the time we've despatched a few rocket-loads of goats and monkeys, the first human beings to reach Mars are going to be greeted as a bunch of impostors. What Martian with any sense will believe that people who claim to have built rockets that can span the heavens, nevertheless sent the first ones off full of goats and monkeys? The simple explanation that we used animals so that nobody would get hurt if things went wrong will get us nowhere. Either the Martians won't believe it, so that it will be useless, or they will believe it and never trust us again. If we endanger the lives of innocent goats and monkeys to save our own skins, they'll reason, presumably we wouldn't hesitate to do the same with the Martians. For anything we know, the Martians may all be goats and monkeys themselves.

Even if they aren't, they may speak some animal language better than they can understand us. I have no particular reason for being prejudiced against goats and monkeys, for my first-hand contact with them have been limited to those normal in a life spent largely among politicians and university professors. But I keep in touch with the animal kingdom through the digest magazines, and have formed the opinion that monkeys are a pretty shifty lot. As for goats, I once met a newspaperman who had moved out into the country and started to raise goats, and within six months they had him believing that they were cleaner and less troublesome than is commonly supposed. In fact, he goes around telling his friends, who steadily decrease in number, that the goat is a much maligned animal.

If goats can do this to a hard-bitten journalist, what will they be able to do on Mars? By the time human beings get there, the Martians will probably be believing that the earth is run by animals who employ countless human creatures in dull routine tasks while goats the world over loaf around the fields in idle luxury. The monkeys who go along will no doubt be palmed off as human, and the first human beings who actually get to Mars will spend some months trying to explain the difference between monkeys and people. It's not a job I'd care to take on myself—not if the monkeys have got there first.

The obvious way out of this dilemma, which, if allowed to develop, may well set interplanetary travel back several centuries, is to send people from the start. This has its own risks, for if there's anything more likely to get Earth-Mars relations off to a bad beginning than sending goats, it's sending people. On the other hand, there's no reason why the Martians shouldn't be made to take their chances with the rest of us.

All we have to decide, therefore, is what people to send. Seen in this light, the whole problem becomes laughably simple. The first rockets to Mars should be packed as full as can be with scientists. If the rockets arrive safely, we'll get the most out of the passengers, for they'll be trained observers. If the rockets don't make it, we'll have saved the cost of the goats and monkeys.

NORMAN WARD

•

Morning

Morning
is chatter,
clatter
of milk bottles
a million times
along the street,
staccato beat
of passing feet,
rattle,
battle with can
by garbage man;
far away chime
of convent bell,
honk of horn,
roar of truck,
bark of dog,
slamming door,
smell of fog,
shouted word,
song of bird;
newsboy whistling
from house to house,
will he never get past?
smell of bacon
frying in the kitchen
and last,
the scream of a train
in labor,
crying with pain.

ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

BALANCE is important in DIABETES, too...

IN A WAY, the skillful performer on the tight wire and people with diabetes have certain things in common.

The performer depends principally on proper balance and control to accomplish his difficult act. Likewise, diabetics must be equally concerned with balance and control . . . if they are to live nearly normal, active lives.

The three essential factors which diabetics must keep in proper balance are diet, exercise, and insulin.

1. Diet is a vital part of the treatment of every diabetic. In many mild cases, *especially when diabetes is discovered early*, diet alone can control the disease.

2. Exercise, or active work, is also important in the treatment of diabetes, because it helps to increase the ability of the body to use sugars and starches.

3. Insulin does not cure the disease, but it has often given diabetics a new lease on life. Insulin enables diabetics to utilize food and convert it into energy in a normal way.

New and different types of insulin, which vary in speed and duration of action, now make possible more effective control of diabetes. Many research studies are now under way to learn more about the chemistry of insulin and how it is used by the body. These and other investigations will probably bring an increasingly hopeful outlook for most diabetics.

When diagnosed early, diabetes is easier to control, and serious complications can often be avoided. Fortunately, diabetes can be readily detected by having a urinalysis . . . preferably with your periodic health examination. This usually permits its discovery before the appearance of typical symptoms, such as: *excessive hunger or thirst, frequent urination, loss of weight, or constant fatigue.*

No one should neglect regular medical examinations . . . particularly *overweight people who are past 40 and also those with a family history of diabetes.*

Metropolitan's booklet called "Diabetes" tells how diabetics can usually live long and active lives. It also includes facts about the progress made by medical science in the treatment of diabetes, and information which may be helpful in guarding against this disease.

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INCO TRADE MARK

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Foreign Affairs

Italy Is Feeling Her Oats

ROME: I've seen what is behind the bold Italian stand on the Trieste question. Ten days visiting the industries of Northern Italy have revealed a country which, though so much poorer than France in natural resources and farmland and supporting a larger population, is far more a going concern. Italians have problems —for the first time in my life I have heard people talk of "permanent unemployment"— but they talk of them without the frustration, the wounded pride, or the cynicism of the French.

They speak freely of the poverty of their country, without giving a long list of excuses why they are not able to do much about it. That's because they *are* doing a great deal about it. Far from being a great industrial country, Italy has pushed up industrial production 33 per cent above the highest pre-war level, that of 1929, as compared to a French increase of only 4 per cent. Incomparably more building is going on than in France, and there is a feeling of optimism and confidence among the industrial leaders. Indeed it has been said that the best of them, the kind I met at Olivetti, Fiat and Edison of Milan, have more in common with Americans than with Romans.

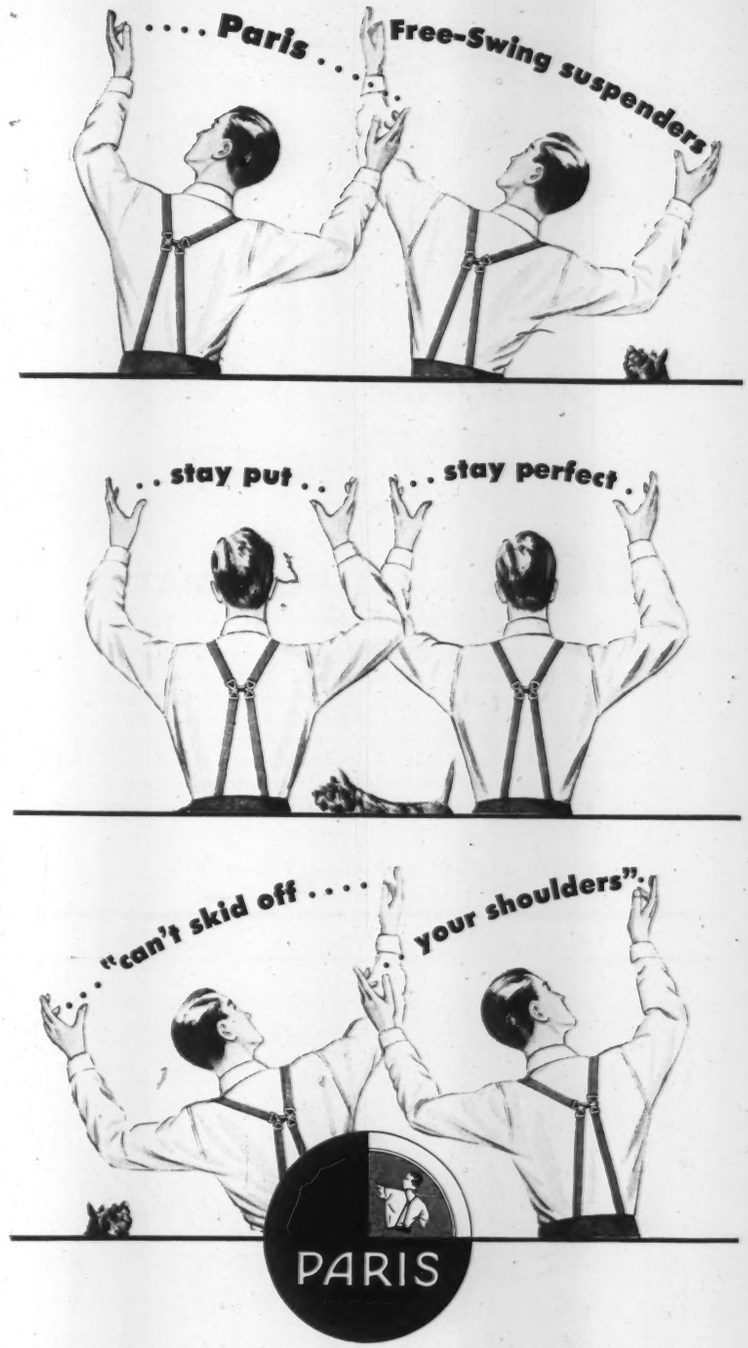
I had spent only a few days in Italy —in 1946—since the war, and I must say that what I have seen has been altogether encouraging. There may be no more natural conclusion to draw from the election returns from this country, while sitting at a desk in North America, than that Italy is rotten with Communism and a very weak proposition altogether. When you get here you find that not a single businessman —at least in my experience—talks of Communism as a dangerous force which might take over the country, or which lames it so much that it cannot fulfil its role in NATO. And these are alert, enterprising businessmen just as much concerned with the future of their country as we are with Canada's future (a most rosy story of which, incidentally, has spread all over Europe).

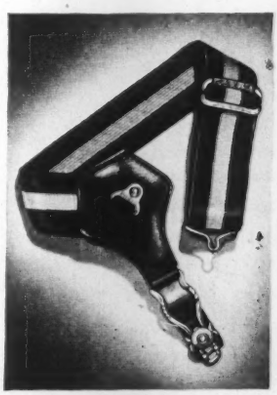
If you leave out the few fanatics and the considerable number of party leaders and workers who hope that, "come the revolution," they will get a better position under a Communist regime than they ever will otherwise, Italian Communists are not Moscow Communists but economic Communists or anti-clerical Communists. An exceptionally well-informed observer here has told me of his researches into this question. Why, for instance, was there such a high Communist vote in the former territory of the Papal States? He found that many churchgoing Italians were voting Communist, not at all because they were against the Church, but because they and their ancestors had fought for generations to reduce its power over their daily life. The Church gave its whole support to the Christian Democratic government; therefore, these people voted for the Communist Party, as the only powerful opposition, quite sure that it would not win.

Why do farmers in Italy vote Communist? Traditionally, throughout much of the country, they work as sharecroppers. Before the war, the general arrangement was a 50-50 split of the crop with the owner of the estate. Housing is free, and implements, such as they are, are provided by the owner. Generations have lived in the same house, and farmed the same land almost as if it were their own. Since the war, the government has increased their share of the crop. Yet many vote Communist. The way they explain it is like this: "The Communists promise us that when they come to power they will give us the land. Of course we don't believe them. But we vote for them, knowing that they won't win, because the landlords will then be frightened into giving us a larger share than we are getting now."

It is something the same with many of the workers. At the big Milan and Turin factories many of them own motor scooters, some live in low-rent company housing, enjoy the use of a factory clinic, and get certain family benefits from the state. They are by all odds the best-off among Italian workers. If you ask them why they vote Communist, their answer is that the Communist-led union will fight hardest for better wages and working conditions. That's the same as in France. The general belief is that if the Communist party heads here were to try to lead this mass of people, who support them electorally for so many different reasons, off on a crusade for Moscow, this would turn into a fiasco. At present the Communists are hamstrung in their campaign for the Soviets and against the Atlantic alliance by the fact that the leading Atlantic powers, the United States and Britain, are giving Trieste back to Italy. For nationalist reasons, and the discomfiture it causes Tito, the Italian Communists are bound to support this step. This leaves them, however, plenty of room for questioning the good faith of the U.S. and Britain in carrying through the transfer.

It is excitement over Trieste and the very real underlying danger of this situation, I am assured, which are the reasons for the large numbers of police in evidence in Italian streets (on one or two occasions I have seen them with rifles), and for the plain-clothes protection which sometimes annoyed and sometimes amused the party of NATO journalists with whom I visited





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industrial centres in the north. We dubbed them the Society of Friends; they were changed from time to time but they were with us wherever we went as a party.

We found it very hard to figure out the mentality behind such a policy, which made a very poor impression on journalists from the Benelux and Scandinavian countries, Britain and Canada. Were they there to protect us from Communist demonstrations? There was no publicity whatever for our visit. Were they there to keep us from talking with the workers? I made a particular point of asking questions of the workers in my very limited Italian when the "friends" were near and was never stopped doing this. One day we tried being friendly with them, and ended up shaking hands all round and saying "*Rivederci!*" In the end we were completely baffled. We all wanted this particular regime, a democracy, to be protected; but we thought in this case the protection was rather overdone.

However, that's by the side. The aim of the tour was to show Italian industry, and we took it for granted we were being shown the best there was. Even so, the biggest of all, the Montecatini chemical firm, was not shown to us, while another firm we visited on the spur of the moment, the Edison Company, turned out to be one of the most impressive. It was the second company in the world to buy an Edison generator, and used it to light the famous La Scala Opera House. The letter from Edison, quoting the price and the number of lamps it would light (120), is framed on the wall.

Now this company, entirely private, is the biggest electrical supplier in Italy, with many hydro plants, and several brand-new steam plants running on natural gas. The steam plant at Piacenza, a Marshall Plan proposition developing 140,000 kw., is the neatest thing of the kind I have ever seen, bright, spotlessly clean and painted up in Technicolor; and we passed another just outside Milan quite as striking. Over a million kilowatts of steam power have been built in Italy since the war, all the way from Turin to Palermo, and including the 300,000 kw. station using steam from the hotsprings of Larderello.

The natural gas which powers a half-dozen new generating stations in the north has been a tremendous boon to the country. Originally discovered as far back as 1929, it was not until four years ago that the full size of the field was indicated. Since then development has gone ahead pell-mell, at first with American drilling teams, but for some time wholly under Italian direction. During 1953 the largest field of all was found near Ravenna; even without this in use as yet, the gas replaces about one-quarter of Italy's former coal needs.

You have to consider the fact that Italy is trying to compete in the modern world without any domestic resources whatever in coal, iron or oil, to realize the excitement that the discovery has caused. Mostly used in industry, it is also piped to the chief cities from Venice to Genoa to be mixed with the locally made gas—it has three times higher heating value

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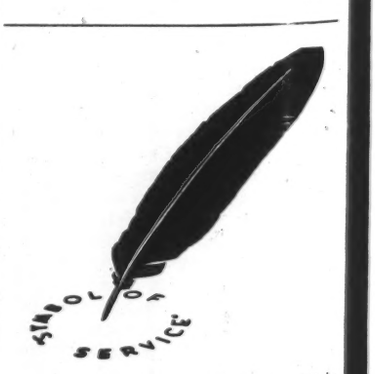


than the gas—for household use. Estimated reserves now promise a 20-year supply.

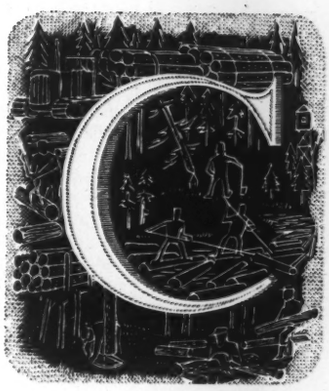
In Milan we visited the famous Alfa-Romeo automobile factory, and saw an operation which has quite vanished in America. Here were 6,000 men, many of them highly skilled machinists, and a fine engineering works, turning out just 18 cars a day. They were making almost every part, the engine from valves to crankshafts, the gear-box and the rear-end, the carburetor, the steering mechanism, and the body too. The result is a sort of hand-made Olds 88, about two-thirds the size, and somewhat cheaper — though not by Italian earning standards. They don't *insist* on making every part. It's just that Italian industry isn't big enough to provide the great number of supplying firms which we have in America. The only firms they could call on are Lancia, a direct competitor, or Fiat, which has different standards.

We went to Turin, to see Fiat, the industrial giant of Italy and an impressive company by any standard of comparison. Of 18 works, the main one, producing some half-dozen models of cars, is nearly as big as the Volkswagen works in Germany, and has an output of 540 automobiles a day. The whole operation is laid out according to the most modern principles of flow of work towards the assembly lines.

Fiat also makes a wide range of military vehicles, which were demonstrated to us on a site thoroughly prepared by 40 days of rain, and which the firm is waiting hopefully to sell to NATO. Fiat's aeronautical works, ultra-modern and even more impressive than the motor factory, is a familiar show for a Canadian visitor. Just going out of production of the jet type which the RCAF first used, the de Havilland *Vampire* with *Goblin* engine, Fiat is tooling up for *Sabres* and *Allison* jets. Meanwhile, posters freshly pasted up in Turin ask if Fiat's deal with the American "warmongers" doesn't mean the end of the Italian aeronautical industry. Fiat, it says, is the only planemaker left and it is down from 3,500 employees to 2,000, working three days a week. It should be designing and building Italian civil transports, the poster says, and citizens must insist that it do this.

From Turin we went up into the foothills, in the direction of Mont Blanc, to Ivrea. Hannibal and his elephants passed through here, and later Napoleon's legions; and the town has a dam which was designed by Leonardo. Here has grown up from a small shop the world's headquarters of the Olivetti firm, which makes typewriters and calculating machines. I have seen enough industries on this trip to last me a long time, but the Olivetti set-up will stand with anything, anywhere. It could be in America, or in Sweden or Switzerland, but it is wholly Italian. One can only hope that many Italian industrialists will come to see its handsome factory buildings, splendid workers' housing, excellent apprentices' school, the beautiful kindergarten, the library open to the whole town, and emulate it as best they can.

WILLSON WOODSIDE



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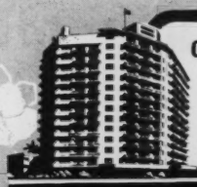
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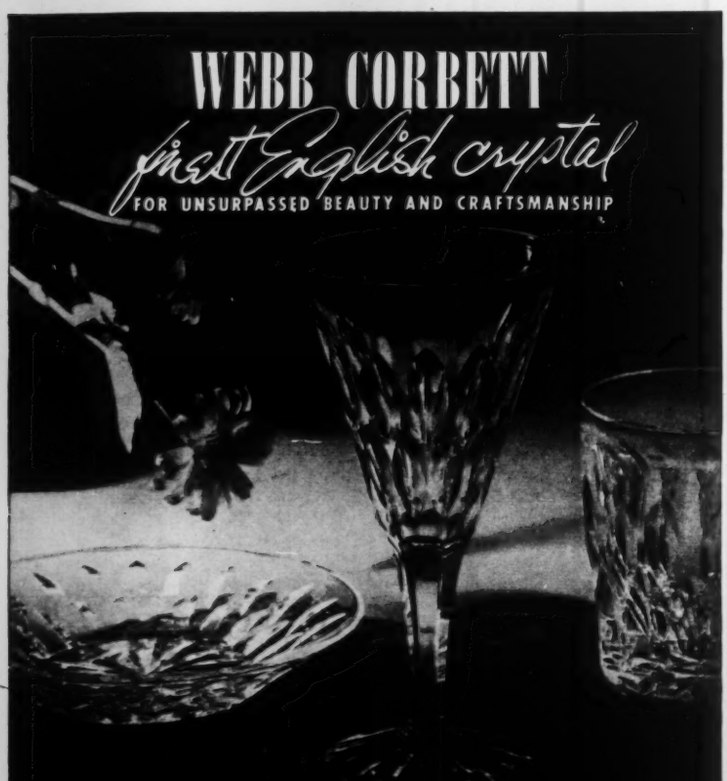
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The Other Side of the Desk

TO THE EDITOR:

As one of the dull-witted personnel men (with not even a title) I read "The Art of Getting a Job" (SATURDAY NIGHT, Oct. 17) with amusement and amazement. In fact I read it twice, because some of the words were pretty big. And I take exception to Hugh Garner's report.

Most of the practices he deplores are as ancient as the wooden wheel. The two-minute interview is as archaic as the bustle and caused about as many errors of judgment. If, in the old days, a person secured good help with this technique it was pure luck. It succeeded only because the majority of people—including personnel folks, with Mr. G.'s indulgence—are pretty good, reliable, sober Joes. The employment man you so unjustly malign has had some headaches in his day, so, in self-defence, he set up some rough standards. Admittedly the perfect applicant doesn't exist, but, like the beauty contestants, they have to measure up in certain areas. The parts Mr. Garner knows a little about have been badly distorted, I'm sorry to say.

As an example, a college man isn't so much better qualified than a High School youth. Let's say he is better educated—to a degree. As the girl said, "It's what you do with what you've got," and some inspired fugitives from the Entrance class have dodged the truant officer long enough to make their mark in business simply because they used their native intelligence with efficiency and dispatch. That is recognized and, you know, a lad like that doesn't have too much trouble getting a favorable hearing in the elegant personnel office.

You should know, too, that a family tree isn't important in hiring, providing the applicant hasn't gone out on a limb in bragging about it.

The characters you have dreamed up as typical, dull-witted personnel men are versatile, even if unintelligent. Any slow-thinking personnel consultant who is sufficiently persuasive to wheedle an office and a staff out of Management should be on the sales force. Any sober person who has had anything to do with top level (I must slip in some of the phrases that mark a personnel man) Officers knows that even a requisition for a stationery cupboard, let alone an office, requires at least 20 approvals and the corporate seal.

The personnel man you look down on may not be an Einstein in intelligence, but he is a diplomat without striped pants and could give Lester Pearson lessons in statecraft.

You say "finding employment is a game in which . . . honesty is a relative term". Now that is misleading because actually the honesty of the relatives is not important. If he says his parents were married, that's good enough for us. We won't go a step-father!

One certainly sees a different picture from behind the plagiarized application blanks, the doodling pad and the frosted glass (empty, of course). One has to have some sort of measuring stick to evaluate the characters because they range from the weak hand-shaking combination of Caspar Milquetoast and Uriah Heep to the know-it-all braggart who turns on the charm and promises you he can be Sales Manager in six months.

It is a very interesting, and sometimes amusing, story when one sits on the other side of the desk. For instance, on the juxtaposed application opposite the question "sex?" one of our virile young applicants wrote "occasionally". You need some sort of system to eliminate the joker who, replying to the question "married or single, state which" wrote "witch", and the other card who, under the query "live at home or board?" wrote "I sure am". You can sympathize with the harassed personnel manager who looked over the blonde's form (application) and observed: "Under 'experience' you'll have to be more explicit than just 'Oh Boy'."

Mr. Garner, as a writer, would appreciate the confusion experienced when one applicant uttered this classic of mixed metaphors: "I didn't want to go over my boss's head to stick my neck out and put somebody else's nose out of joint."

Who wouldn't be bewildered by the man whose mother was his sister? And he was right! His grandfather had four daughters but always wanted a boy. When one of the daughters had a son, the grandfather took the boy for his own by legally adopting him.

Only the really naive of the dull-witted personnel people would fail to question a gap of three months which was noticed in one bird's work history. "What were you doing in those three months?" we asked. "Three months," he answered promptly.

One hopeful had four jobs. "Why did you leave your first job?" we inquired.

"Fired."

"Why did you leave the next one?"

"Fired."

"And the next?"

"Fired. But I wasn't fired from my last job; I quit before they fired me."

In the days of the old saloons, there used to be a sign, "Don't shoot the piano player—he's doing the best he can." We of the weak-minded personnel fraternity feel your barrage was equally undeserved.

Like the chap who took his radio to the service man, complaining "All I can get is sopranos," employment men, after your misleading article, will now live in daily fear that on one horrible day all the applicants will be embittered, prejudiced, articulate ex-authors.

In closing I would like to observe that, in my opinion, the authors have some characters in their ranks, too. I have just finished reading the life of Heywood Broun and it would appear that his productivity was regulated almost entirely by his inventory of gin. But he, no doubt, was an exception.

This is just a suggestion: could we have, as your next stimulating contribution, some real illuminating, down-to-earth, stop-the-presses advice on "How to Get a Book Published"? Publishers may be a dull bunch, too, and some of the more slow-witted personnel men may write in their spare time.

J. ROSCOE NORMAND

Ottawa Letter

Western Members Look for Help

ON THE DEBATE on the Address from the Throne will find all the members from the prairie provinces demanding immediate action to relieve the serious financial crisis produced by the still unrelieved blockade of wheat. Since this crisis fills to the brim the cup of agrarian grievances, some fundamental economic issues will have to be faced and debated. The western crisis arises from the fact that since the prairie farmers' deliveries of wheat between August 1 and October 25 only amounted to 118 million bushels (as compared with 147.1 millions in the same period of 1952), there are still well over 500 million bushels undelivered on the farms. The producers, unable to get payment for it, cannot meet their obligations. Their debts are piling up and they are being denied further credit.

M. J. Coldwell, the leader of the C.C.F., has proposed that the Government should without delay find $500 million for advances of $1 per bushel on wheat stored on the farms, but the Minister of Trade and Commerce, Mr. Howe, thinks it inadvisable for the Government to embark upon the business of lending money on such grain. However, two groups of farm implement dealers have sent Mr. Howe a joint warning that, unless steps are taken to relieve the financial embarrassment of the prairie farmers, large cancellations of western orders for eastern manufacturers may start a general depression.

The case of the Government for inaction is that in the first half of 1953 the prairie farmers received a farm cash income totalling $582.3 million; their average liquidity is today five times better than it was in 1935; and therefore their financial plight is not nearly so bad as it is painted.

The discontent of the farmers is not confined to the prairie country, however. When the annual Dominion-Provincial farm conference opens here on November 25, there will be no need for Mr. Gardiner, the Minister of Agriculture, to repeat to the delegates the exhortation which he delivered a year ago to be aggressive in expounding their grievances and demanding their rights. The Government will be told in no uncertain terms that under its ministrations manufacturing has become the favored child and agriculture the "little Orphan Annie" in our economic household.

This charge will be supported by official statistics which show that, with 100 taken as the base for farm purchasing power in the period 1942-45, the index after rising to 111.8 for 1948 slipped to 109.4 for 1951, to 95.8 for 1952 and by last July had fallen to 90.6. Spokesmen of the livestock producers will be vehement that the present prices for cattle, now far below their peak, are unprofitable and will demand a program of price support for beef. Dairy farmers will be equally vociferous upon the inadequacy of the present prices for milk and cheese. It will also be pointed out that, while agricultural income has undergone a serious shrinkage, the official index for weekly earnings of industrial workers has shown an uninterrupted rise from its base of 100 for 1943-45 to 126.9 for 1948 and to 182.4 for last July, and that this increase in the scale of industrial wages has been reflected in much higher prices for the manufactured goods which farmers must buy.

A projected trade treaty with Japan can hardly fail to produce a sharp controversy. The Government, having voted to admit Japan to the Geneva Agreement on Trade and Tariffs as an associate member, could not repulse overtures for such a treaty, and the trade experts of the two countries are understood to have evolved a draft agreement which awaits the approval of the Cabinet.

In 1952, we shipped to Japan exports valued at more than $100 million and only bought $13 million in imports from her. This lopsided ratio of 8 to 1 in our favour is the reason Japan is now asking generous concessions in our tariffs. Naturally the chief beneficiaries of our expanding export trade with Japan, the commercial and industrial interests in British Columbia and the farmers of the Prairie Provinces, are strong for concessions, which will avert a curtailment of this trade. But the prospect of an increased competition from Japanese goods, whose labor costs are very low, alarms textile and other manufacturers in Eastern Canada who would suffer from it. Meetings of protest against tariff concessions have been held in two textile towns in New Brunswick.

The Government has to decide between these conflicting interests, but since wheat, barley, and flour are now the largest items in our exports to Japan, the urgent need to conserve every possible market for our prairie farmers will probably impel Ministers to pay less attention to the protests of eastern manufacturers than they might have done under other circumstances.

The charges, made by reputable war correspondents and vigorously rebutted by distinguished generals, about the low morale of the 27th Canadian Infantry Brigade in Germany, are certain to be aired in Parliament and the opposition has just been furnished with fresh ammunition from a curious source.

On October 3, the Young Liberals of Manitoba, at a convention in Winnipeg, held a contest between budding orators of the party. The winner was adjudged to be one Lt. Ronald Gillies, who is in the reserve army. In his oration, apparently, he made a broad survey of domestic and international affairs. But certain passages in it, as reported by the Winnipeg *Free Press*, must have chilled the hearts of the high command at Ottawa. Lt. Gillies, commenting upon the article in which Lionel Shapiro asserted that the 27th Canadian Brigade had the lowest morale of any NATO troops in Europe, declared that he "had reason to believe" that the article told the truth. He then explained that he had spent the summer of 1951 enlisting recruits "generally men with criminal records, common law wives, and other undesirable backgrounds."

"Without these volunteers," Lt. Gillies was reported as saying, "Canada could not have raised an army to send abroad and back up her commitments to NATO." Furthermore, he proclaimed his own conviction that for the adequate fulfilment of these commitments Canada needed a system of compulsory military service.

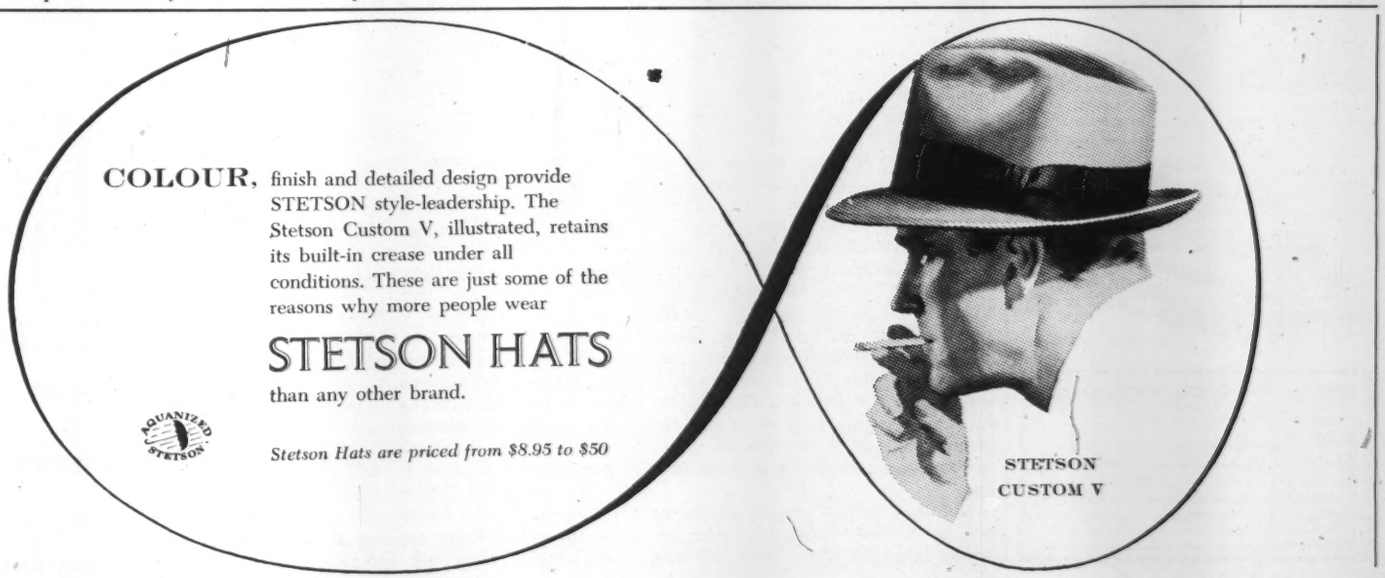
SOME CURIOSITY is naturally aroused by the attitude of Prime Minister St. Laurent to the change which Queen Elizabeth has asked the British Parliament to make in the Regency Act. Under the terms of acts passed in 1937 and 1943, Princess Margaret would act as Regent until Prince Charles could assume the Throne, but the Queen has now expressed her wish that her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, should be Regent instead of her sister, and the British Parliament will undoubtedly pass the necessary legislation.

Prime Minister St. Laurent, to whom the proposal of the Queen has been communicated, has announced his approval of it, but he sees no need for any action by the Canadian Parliament, on the ground that the change will be made by a statute of the British Parliament and that, since the Crown is represented here by the Governor-General, a change in the holder of the Regency is not a Canadian concern.

In 1937, when King Edward VIII abdicated in favor of his brother and the British Parliament gave its legislative authority to the change, Mackenzie King lost no time in taking concurring action, thereby affirming Canada's claim to complete parity of status with Britain in regard to the monarchy.

Prime Minister St. Laurent is on record as declaring that Her Majesty is Queen of Canada just as much as she is Queen of Britain. So it seems strange that so firm a champion of Canada's equality with Britain thinks our Parliament should not be concerned with the choice of the Regent.

JOHN A. STEVENSON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The Public Prints

"Publish and Be Damned"

DEREK CURTIS-BENNETT, the eminent QC, was once cross-examining a woman in Court when she suddenly announced that since the previous day's hearing, she had changed her name. She was now "Mrs. Kurtis-Bennett".

The dignity of the Bar was in no way ruffled, and the case proceeded. But the next morning, a tabloid newspaper devoted the whole of its front page to a portrait of the new Mrs. Kurtis-Bennett, together with her reason for the change of name. "I fell in love with the Prosecuting Counsel," she said.

Mr. Curtis-Bennett took action. The paper apologised in lowly terms, devoted its front page to Mrs. Curtis-Bennett, and gave a certain sum to charity.

The paper, of course, was the *Daily Mirror*. Was this kind of thing in the public interest? Was it news?

These two questions may be out of place. But they lead, inevitably, to another question: is the *Daily Mirror* a newspaper? And if it is not, why does it sell to 4,432,700 people every morning?

Some of the answers, but by no means all, are to be found in *Publish and Be Damned*, by Hugh Cudlipp the *Mirror's* editor. (Reginald Saunders—$2.75). There are many questions unanswered, such as "Does the human race deserve the *Mirror?*" After reviewing the evidence, the melancholy conclusion is that the answer to the last question is in the reluctant affirmative.

When the Education Act, enforcing the 3 R's on the masses, was introduced in the first decade of the century, it is reported that the cynical Lord Birkenhead said of the project: "Its main effect will be that dirty words will be written six inches lower on lavatory walls." His Lordship was quite wrong. The Education Act made fortunes for Lord Northcliffe and his successors of the popular Press, made possible a new form of journalism, and ushered in a new power to the political scene. With the new journalism came Jane.

Ask any Canadian or U.S. soldier for his views on the British Press, and he will mention Jane. The *Mirror* gave life to that ageless, innocent-looking, half-witted young lady who has such difficulty in retaining her clothes. A U.S. Forces newspaper put it this way during the War: "Well, sirs, you can go home now. Right smack out of the blue and with no one even threatening her, Jane peeled a week ago. The British 36th Division immediately gained six miles and the British attacked in the Arakan. Maybe we Americans ought to have Jane too."

But Jane helped to give the paper power. A Tory Cabinet Minister estimated that the *Mirror* won 100 seats for the Socialists in the 1945 election, and the *Economist* said, "The *Mirror* was one of the decisive influences." Both Bevin and Attlee paid tribute to the *Mirror*, and both recognised the potency of the most forceful slogan coined in a modern election. "Vote for *him*," the *Mirror* said daily. The phrase came from a letter to the editor. It appealed at once to hundreds of thousands of women whose husbands were absent, in the Services or on war work. Why were they absent? Hadn't they always complained of the way things were run? Well then, it was time for a change. They voted for *him*.

This slogan was only one of the benefits received from its loyal public by the *Mirror*. In ten years, 3,758,440 readers have written to its "Live Letter Box". They write about the danger of sneezing in public, about smoking causing larger mouths, about the lure of high heels for boyfriends. Every week the *Mirror* prints a neat box with requests for prayers from readers, a service which the Archbishop of Canterbury has praised. The letters are answered by two mythical "Old Codgers", and a letter is delivered to them when addressed merely with drawings of two old men with beards. Out of every 100 readers, 29 of them buy the *Mirror* for the Letters column.

What else does the *Mirror* print other than Jane, cartoons by Zec (who precipitated the "Government warning" during the War), and Cassandra, the liverish columnist?

It was the only paper to give a full list of lavatories at a royal procession (All the News which Nobody Else will Tell You). It was the only paper to give hints on burglary, by an ex-burglar. It was the only known publication to hire a young lady to sit on a clutch of eggs, to prove that she couldn't hatch them. It broke the abdication story, after Fleet Street was flooded with French and New York newspapers with the news.

HUGH CUDLIPP never tries to prove that his newspaper is anything but a distorting mirror held up to life. He contends that his mission is to shock and alarm. The most interesting part of his story, however, is the change that took place in the *Mirror* during the thirties. Up till then, the *Mirror* had been "The First Daily Newspaper for Gentlewomen", brought into being on November 2, 1903, by Lord Northcliffe, the great connoisseur of the public's taste. He lost £100,000, for after three months the dearth of gentlewomen was so great that the circulation was only a garden party affair of 24,000.

To savor the full contrast of the *Mirror's* rise to riches and descent to the gutter, it is necessary to recall the almost incredible experience of

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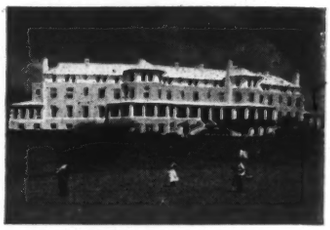

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Hannen Swaffer, one of its first picture editors. Swaffer was in the famous Falstaff Inn in Fleet Street when he heard that a picture had been taken of the dead King Edward VII. He prevailed upon the Court photographer to ask Queen Alexandra if the picture could be used. The Queen replied, "Only in the *Mirror*, my favorite newspaper."

The change in the *Mirror* is also the change in a society. For who are the public of the *Mirror*? Most are under 40, in the lower income brackets, supporting Labor, and mostly feminine. Out of every hundred, 29 buy it for the letters, 27 for the strips and cartoons, 18 for the pictures (which are first class), and six don't know. Oh yes, 17 out of a hundred buy it for the news. A third doesn't know what party the *Mirror* supports.

Cudlipp doesn't think much of the public anyway, and his title could easily be, "Publish and Damn the Public". He thinks the readers "want life to be one unending strip cartoon," and reveals that his object is to "get under the skin of the public and stay there." When the *Daily Sketch* ran in opposition with a slogan "Clean and Clever", the *Mirror* had its own flock of prelates to preach against the ecclesiastical brass on the side of the *Sketch*.

During the War, I recall repeating to a company of shivering wretches on a Yorkshire moor the august decree of the War Council that soldiers must not communicate with the Press except through their officers. The War Office, of course, meant the *Mirror; The Times* was not likely to print gibes at officers and recriminations from the ranks. It was the *Mirror* that was getting in everyone's hair with its opinion — "Wits and brains will win the war. The Army is starved of both". Cudlipp says: "Here was the Bible of the Services rank and file. No daily journal was better able to register their pulse-beat. All the clues were in the *Mirror's* postbag. The paper's executives knew the way the wind was blowing long before Whitehall . . . "

At the time, I doubted whether the damp and mutinous cretins in front of me had any pulse-beat to register, and was also uncertain whether they knew of any wind except that dank sirocco on the moor. But the incident was a stage in the progress of the *Mirror*, and perhaps in the history of the Press. The next week, the *Mirror* was threatened with suppression.

Cudlipp is at his best when he writes of the great case, mainly because he leaves the subject to direct quotes from records of Parliament and from the Prime Minister. The item that precipitated the threat was a cartoon by Zec. The *Mirror* had found a paragraph in an order by the Army Council, which read, "All in positions of authority must have an adequate degree of physical fitness and mental alertness as well as purely military efficiency", and had been content with a gentle and ironic note of surprise that such an order was necessary. But now came the Home Secretary with the statement that "the general implication of the *Mirror* was that everything was wrong, and everybody incompetent or worse."

The logical reasoning, he said, was "What's the use of going on? Why continue the War?"

The *Mirror's* public was loyal, and so were the other newspapers, with the exception of the *Daily Telegraph*, the only one to agree with the Government's warning. Readers of *The Times*, it is true, were in a majority against that paper's opinion that the threat was wrong. *Express* readers were only 45 per cent in favor of the warning. *Telegraph* readers, although their editorial writers spoke sternly on the subject, were only 38 per cent in favor of the Government. The devotees of the Liberal *News Chronicle* could muster only 24 out of a hundred in favor of the warning to the *Mirror* to be good. The *Mirror* was warned under Regulation 2C of the Defence of the Realm Act, but there was much talk of 2D, which provided for instantaneous suppression of a newspaper on the edict of the Home Secretary.

The story of the *Mirror*, however, is not merely the story of an editor going to jail (for a late-repented offence involving contempt of Court); it is not the story of the Great Threat to Press Freedom; it is rather the story of a people as well as a newspaper. As such, it is by no means encouraging, as seen through the eyes of the *Mirror's* editor. For Cudlipp quotes the *Economist* as saying, "The *Mirror* is a sore reflection on democracy," and remarks, "The *Economist* also says we are a decisive influence on the nation. Can a paper be both at the same time?"

Cudlipp says yes. Unfortunately, he seems to prove it.

ROLAND WILD

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Lighter Side

You Can't Win!

MY NEIGHBOR, Mr. Blufisch, leaned over the back fence as I was planting early tulips. "Well, I see Mayor Charlotte Whitton is going to fight it out with the Liberal Government for selling the National Film Board down the St. Lawrence," he said.

"I'll bet on Mayor Whitton to win," I said.

"Bet you fifty pounds of chemical fertilizer she don't," Mr. Blufisch said. "You ever win in an argument with the Government?"

I had to admit I never had.

"I send them long letters and they just send me back a form with parallel columns marked 'Tax,' 'Interest,' 'Penalty' and 'Refund,'" I said. "Then when I write back, they send back another form telling me I owe them $1.43."

"You can't win," Mr. Blufisch said. "You take this Mr. Albert Hartnell who wanted to emigrate to Canada recently. He had his passage all booked but the Canadian Government said he couldn't sail till his wife had a medical examination. He wrote to say he wasn't taking his wife and the Government wrote right back saying Mrs. Hartnell could have her medical in Manchester. Then he went to the Immigration Department to explain that his wife wasn't sailing and they told him that until she had passed her medical he couldn't sail either. That was when he threw a chair through the Government window."

"I don't blame him," I said.

"He paid a two pound fine," Mr. Blufisch said, "and he missed the boat. Unless he wants to settle down in Manchester to a lifelong correspondence with the Canadian Government, he'll see to it that Mrs. Hartnell gets that medical."

"Mr. Hartnell isn't Mayor Charlotte Whitton," I pointed out.

"Don't make any difference," Mr. Blufisch said. "Nobody ever got anywhere in an argument with the Government. As they say, it's like being hit in the nose by somebody without any face."

"Anyway, I'm on Mayor Whitton's side," I said. "It isn't very chivalrous, to say the least, the way the Government is acting. I feel like writing myself and saying, 'Give the lady back her Board. It's hers just as much as it is yours.'"

"Yeah, and what do you expect the Government to do?" Mr. Blufisch asked.

"Probably send me back the usual form telling me I owe them $1.43," I said.

Mr. Blufisch said Mayor Whitton could probably take care of herself.

"She certainly can," I said. "She says if the Government goes ahead with selling the National Film Board down the river she's going to spike the National Capital Plan by putting up a modern business building right in front of Parliament Hill."

Mr. Blufisch shook his head. "I've got another fifty pounds of chemical fertilizer says she can't," he said.

"And I've got another fifty pounds says she will," I said recklessly. "Don't forget Mayor Whitton handles the housekeeping money in Ottawa."

"What's she want, a war or something?" Mr. Blufisch asked.

I dug in the last of the tulips and flattened the ground with the back of the spade. "Imagine!" I said. "Mayor Whitton waving her trowel and leading the charge up Parliament Hill with the Government laying down a heavy barrage of printed forms! The National Capital Planners disguised as Free Ottawans, sneaking round laying mines in the Mayor's new $3 million construction, and the National Film Board camera man grinding away at an on-the-spot record for a National Film Board combat short—"

"They won't settle it that way," Mr. Blufisch said.

"Why not?" I asked. "Eventually they could set up a truce, of course, with a free exchange of prisoners who would be allowed to make their own independent decision about going to Montreal or staying on as repatriated Ottawans."

Mr. Blufisch reflected. "Yea, but on the other hand the Government might decide to pick up and move to Montreal itself," he said.

"What for?" I asked.

"Well, for one thing, to get away from Mayor Whitton," said Mr. Blufisch. "Then how's she going to feel operating a ghost town? How's she going to fill in her time? Picking arguments with Mayor Lamport?"

"She might go to work on the Trieste situation," I said. "That would keep her busy for years."

Mr. Blufisch relaxed his hold on the fence. "Anyway it won't come to that," he said. "The Cabinet will probably make a ruling that no one can issue a building permit except people whose wives have passed a medical examination. And by the time Mayor Whitton has straightened that out, they'll have something else."

"Don't forget," he added, "that in this kind of argument God is always on the side that can bring up the most paper work."

MARY LOWREY ROSS

•

"The most beautiful location in Haliburton county. Writers have recognized that for 90 years," said Premier Leslie Frost, who cut the ceremonial ribbon (to open a new school). Principal Norman Siscoe said he hauled four beauties from the lake when he came up to take over his duties at the beginning of term.—*Toronto Star.*

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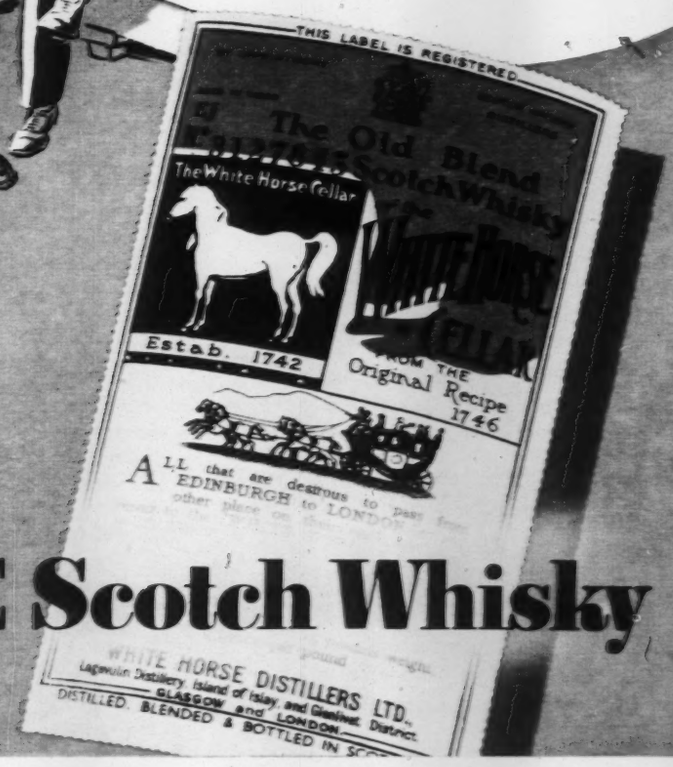
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The Passing Show

Contrast in Demos

CANADA'S ELECTIONS are paradoxically pedestrian for a country battering the door of opportunity. Before the world wars and depressions, Canada held really exciting elections. One of them took place in the summer of 1911, when prohibition was a futile crank's crusade and the Gold Standard slumbered on the lap of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street.

To a cub on his first political assignment, with little background and less knowledge of the issues of the contest, personalities transcended programs. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the plumed knight of Canadian nationalism jousted against the leader of the Conservatives, Robert Borden.

The main issue was Reciprocity, or tariff affinity, with the United States. And Borden, who appeared handsomely dull but was politically adroit, seized a blunder by Champ Clark, Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives, to thrust Laurier on the defensive by tinting the tariff issue with undertones of Empire loyalty.

Champ Clark, an Ozark statesman, favored collars like sails and a thin black string tie. In a burst of Bourbon rhetoric, he practically annexed the Dominion over Reciprocity, favored by President Taft and championed by Laurier. As a matter of fact, at that time reciprocity was a sensible customs *quid pro quo* between Canada's agricultural, dairy and mining economy and its industrial neighbor. But Clark's brashness stung the pride of Canada's electorate and Sir Wilfrid bowed out.

A Canadian Rip Van Winkle, awakening for the 1953 election, would have observed his country making a decision for crucial years with a composure verging on the complacent. This is a curious contrast to last year's turmoil in her American cousin, when skies were rent, valleys shivered and the dome of the Capitol all but split in twain as strong men hurled thunderbolts which, on impact, were as devastating as spitballs. The difference between the two authentic democratic processes springs from their ethnic content and tradition. Canada takes an election in its stride; the U.S. strides into an election.

Even when the outcome is a foregone conclusion, an American presidential election is exciting. In 1920, when Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations was championed by his nominee, James Cox of Ohio, the Democrats were obviously doomed. Yet the campaign was ferocious. The Leaguers could never understand how Wilson's winning campaign slogan of 1916, "He Kept Us Out of War", was a smashing boomerang impelled by casualty lists. The Republican standard-bearers Harding and Coolidge swept the slate, without Harding stepping from his country porch. In one state, New Jersey, not a Democrat was elected to the legislature. Calvin Coolidge was the successful Vice-Presidential candidate and Franklin Roosevelt was his snowed-under Democratic opposite. We know their sequels.

In 1916, the closest American presidential election of a century found Charles E. Hughes taking ovation as President-elect, from his New York hotel balcony on election night—to find three days later that his avoidance of the bristling Senator Hiram Johnson in California had cost him that State's electoral vote and the national verdict. Wilson skinned through.

The toughest of all presidential races never showed in the final tabulation. Grover Cleveland, ex-sheriff of Buffalo, who could hang felons with alacrity and drink beer with profundity, was up against James G. Blaine, who had been dubbed by his enemies, "the continental liar from the State of Maine". None the less he was nominated by the Republicans. Blaine was welcomed in New York by a country minister who flabbergasted the politically astute Blaine by declaiming that Blaine guarded the ramparts against the party of Rum, Romanism and Rebellion. That berserk folly was supposed to have beaten Blaine; but what really won for Cleveland was a bold gambit that showed how a really rough customer, out to regain the White House he had once lost, could do it.

Cleveland knew he had to carry New York or else. His henchmen combed and scoured New York State and their reports were disturbing. Every district was canvassed and analyzed, and the word to Cleveland, two weeks before election, was "a toss up."

In a room of the Amsterdam Hotel in Manhattan, Cleveland studied the precincts and the forecasts made by his pavement-pounding Gallups. He put his broad finger on a sore-spot—Coney Island, swollen with new citizens from Russia and middle Europe.

Later, a carriage and pair pulled up by night at the shack of one Hot Corn Ike, a peddler who had found Utopia and freedom from Cossack knouts selling hot corn in season to buskers on the beaches until a Tammany padroon hi-jacked the lowly enterprise and made it a racket-concession.

Hot-Corn Ike, stuttering basic English, told the raw tale of despoilment to the burly man cramped in his lamp-lit shanty. The ex-President and President-to-be made no promise, extracted none, but the next morning the graft-gorged lords of Tammany heard one blistering roar. Hot-Corn Ike's practice was promptly restored. His legion of sympathizers responded. Grover Cleveland carried New York State by the narrowest majority on record—fewer than a thousand. Hot-Corn Ike's enclave gave him a four-hundred vote edge.

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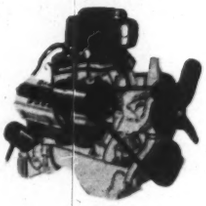

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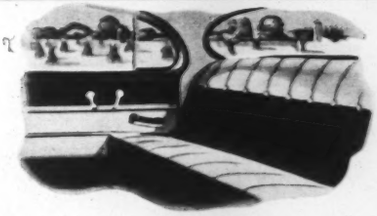

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Letter from Montreal

The Forum and the Finer Things

IT IS ALWAYS a fine experience to return to Montreal after a time away. I got back from a trip through the west to find the city in the full swing of a new season. I discovered a new restaurant where the food, after some of the ketchup-seasoned dishes I had been eating, reminded me of the Left Bank when I used to reach it, third class, on the Calais boat train. I got back to find this rabid Dodger town downcast by the World Series, and only slightly uplifted because its own Royals had defeated the leading Yankee farm club in the Little World Series. And finally I got back to discover that the permanent presence of big Jean Beliveau in the *Canadien* uniform is now assured.

It is amazing, and how it happens is a mystery to me, that the Montreal Forum has not had a single unsold seat for National League hockey since 1944. With Beliveau playing on the same line with Richard, the Forum should be filled for another five years. It was one thing for the opposing teams to detail two men to do nothing but watch the Rocket, but how they will cope with a younger, bigger, and possibly just as good rocket on the same line as the old master will be interesting to watch. At any rate, while the leaves were still on the trees of Mount Royal, Montrealers jammed the Forum for the opening game. The old Rocket came through with two goals and when the game was over the crowd poured out happily, willing to bet even money, even at this stage, that the *Canadiens* would retain the Stanley Cup when the spring mayhem is over.

Less creditable to Montreal, which still lacks even the hope of a Civic Centre, is the fact that the Forum was to be host to the Sadler's Wells Ballet when it came to town at the end of the month. I wondered if the stage designers could erase the familiar memories, the Rocket making one of his end-sweeps, Armand Savoie savagely battering his man into the corner with half-arm flurries, Kramer's terrific service flashing over the net at Sedgman, the scowls and howls of the wrestlers as they slam and twist and bang each other around the ring—would such sounds and images as these emerge through the moonlit trees of *Le Lac des Cygnes?*

But of distinct credit to Montreal has been the acclaim given to Alexander Brott, violinist, concert master and head of the McGill Conservatory of Music. His violin concerto made up part of the all-Canadian program conducted recently by Leopold Stokowski in Carnegie Hall. *The New York Times*, under the by-line of Olin Downes, reported: ". . . The *Violin Concerto* of Alexander Brott is original, brilliant, technically resourceful, more than adroit and individual in the way that the form is handled and in the manner of writing of the solo instrument and orchestra. One wonders here if there is not something really new under the sun in a composer's approach to the modern concerto form . . . The concerto was very efficiently and effectively performed by the soloist, Noel Brunet" . . . Who is also, let us add, a Montrealer.

These are pleasant words to read, just as it was good to know how much the distinguished critics thought of the other works presented and of Lois Marshall's remarkable voice. But in Montreal our pride was mingled with shame as we realized once more that in our own city we have no concert hall adequate for our own musicians.

BUT WE DO, however, have an art gallery. Towards the end of October there opened in the Museum of Fine Arts one of the most mature and skilfully conceived exhibitions we have ever seen. Since last spring John Steegman, the director of the Museum, and his able assistant Edward Cleghorn, have been at work on the assembling of some two hundred and sixty drawings by masters of their craft who lived at various times between 1400 and 1900. It is a stunning and wonderful show.

The drawings were carefully and specifically chosen and then collected from three countries—Great Britain, the United States, and Canada. The pictures from Britain came in by air, those from the United States were assembled in New York and then brought up to Montreal by train.

This is a comprehensive collection, an expensive undertaking costing the Museum $10,000 not counting the months of labor devoted to the preparation of the show. It is a bold attempt to give to Canada, by way of Montreal, an experience comparable to the Stratford Shakespeare Festival of the past summer. Certainly it is worth travelling a distance to see, for never before has such a collection of representative drawings been displayed in Canada.

Five centuries of painting are represented here, the bones of the art of master painting from the Renaissance to our own century. There are drawings by Michelangelo, including two studies for the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. There are drawings by Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Dürer, Peter Breughel, Rembrandt, Rubens, Gainsborough, Watteau, Renoir and Degas. A particularly lovely sketch by Degas reveals his genius more clearly than do most of his paintings.

I asked Mr. Steegman what these drawings and sketches represented in terms of market value and he confirmed what the newspapers have told us. About a million dollars. Among the drawings included were

some which are owned in Montreal itself. Finding unexpected bounty within arms' reach, once the search got under way, must have been one of the greatest of the rewards of Mr. Steeman and his assistants.

Montreal always seems to throb like a dynamo in the fall, but this year the dynamo's pulse is a little stronger even than usual. McGill campus flicked with the red and white blazers of students lolling on the grass between lectures in a late Indian summer. Western beats McGill, as usual, while on another field an hour before, McGill beats Varsity in English rugger, a sport which to me at least is far more joyous than Canadian football can ever be. The rugger players set about their work without fanfare, played without substitutes, and when they came off the field they wore, instead of the purposeful scowls that make football players look like a German machine-gun squad, the expressions of men who had played for their own delight instead of for the patriotism of a huge crowd. Or perhaps I'm getting old. Or perhaps the display put on by the McGill and Western bands at half-time, which looked like Hollywood's idea of how undergraduates ought to behave, had browned me off football so that I could not possibly be fair to it. But football, dull, slow, and barbarous though it must always seem to an old rugger player, is certainly part of autumn in Montreal.

Of all harbingers of the season the surest is the return of our friends from the Arctic, those hardy adventurers of science who leave for Baffin Island the moment the weather gets warm and return the moment it becomes cool. You can be sure the season has really changed when Colonel Patrick Baird shaves off his summer beard. When I saw him a few weeks ago he had trimmed it drastically, but a good deal of it was still there.

HUGH MACLENNAN

•

November Garden

A ghostly place! An unreality,
With that uncertain tone, not light or dark,
Blends all the objects in obscurity.
The hoar frost has but grizzled those that, stark
And spidery trees, not clothed them magically
In white; the hedge stands stripped; old flowers a-sway
In gusts nod spectral heads, and fearfully
Across the wan, gray grass their meanings stray.
Mallow, dead aster, and the crippled vine,
Exchange their sorrows with the columbine.
With imprecations grave, and warnings loud,
Clutching with crony hands its hueless shroud,
The elm, in shame, laments its gold defence,
Foretells in shrieks disaster's imminence.

ALICE CAMERON BROWN

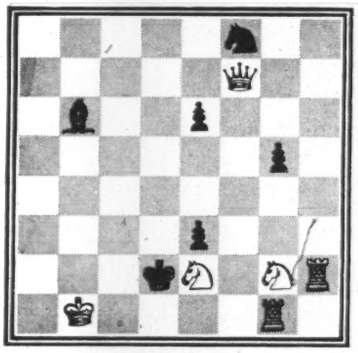
Chess Problem

TO MATHEMATICIANS the term *locus*, a Latin word for place, is well understood. It is used to denote the partly indeterminate position of a point, subject to one or more equations. A locus may be any series or combination of points, lines, curves or planes, with every point therein satisfying the particular equations under consideration.

From the conventions of mathematics to the conventions of chess problems is a broad step, but the conception of loci plays an important part in the study of chess problem classification. Vague analogies arise when we view our chessmen as definite mathematical forces, and our problems as more or less complexes of forces, as Alain White observed over forty years ago.

Problem No. 40, by M. Havel

Black—Six Pieces.



White—Six Pieces.

White to play; mate in three.

The theme of a chess problem is based on the fundamental inter-play of just a few pieces. Other pieces are judiciously placed to add variety, insure soundness, or for other secondary purposes. In classifying a problem we are concerned only with its theme. We must get the theme of a problem in order to understand it, and give a rational expression of our appreciation. Many themes lend themselves to numerous treatments, and for the collector call for considerable sub-division for easy reference. It is in this sub-division of themes that the conception of loci is of the greatest importance.

The three theme variation in No. 40 here, reveals a clever scheme of guarding potential flight squares, either Q1, Q3 or KB3, so that upon KxKt we get the three possible mating replies by the R and Kt battery. In each case the attack matures by the threat of 3.Q-QB2 mate.

Solution of Problem No. 39

Key-move 1.Q-Kt2, waiting. If P-QKt3; 2.R-B6 mate. If P-QKt4; 2.R-R6 mate. If P-KKt3; 2.Kt-K4 mate. If P-KKt4 or Kt-Kt4; 2.Kt-Q5 mate. If Kt else; 2.P-Kt5 mate. If B any; 2.Q-Kt6 mate.

This is a doubling of the Pawn-One-Two theme. In the Magee theme two black P's must operate four self-interferences.

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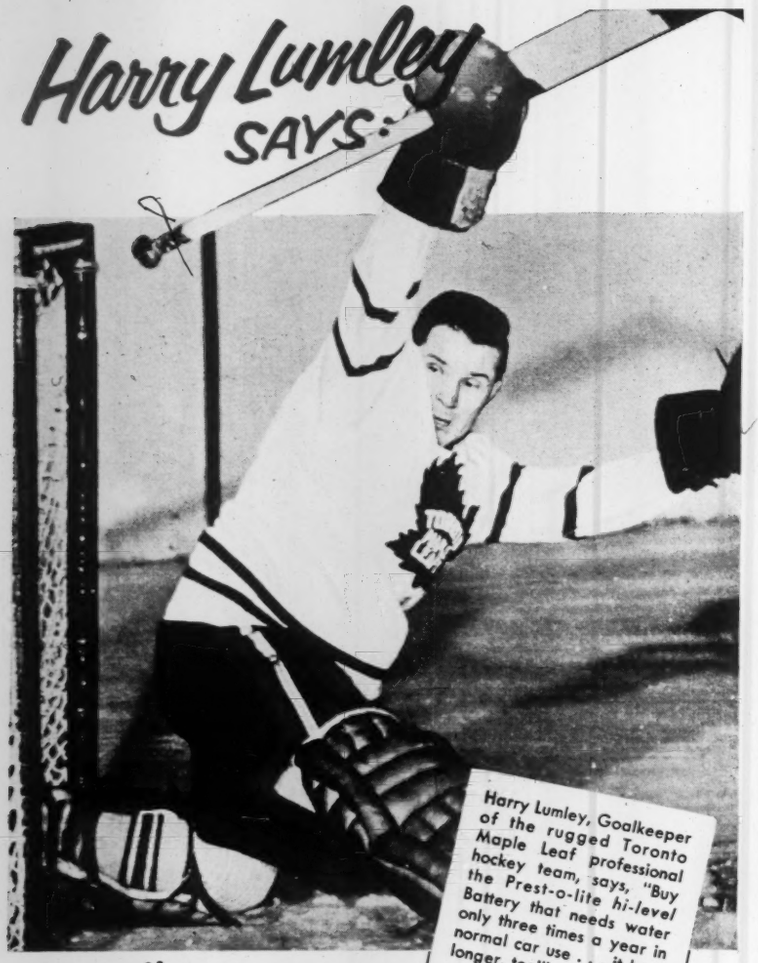

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Books

Brethren In Sincerity

THE BOOK TO WHICH this article will be devoted does not at first seem to be a particularly important publication; it is a volume in the "Life, Literature and Thought Library" which appears under the general editorship of Dr. Vivian de Sola Pinto of the University of Nottingham, and its name is *The Pre-Raphaelites in Literature and Art;* its author is Dr. D. S. R. Welland. I picked it up from the top of a heap of review books merely to see if there were any pictures in it; I have always liked Pre-Raphaelite pictures. But then I glanced at the text, began to read, and went on until I had finished the book. It seems to me to raise questions which are of great interest, and I shall attempt to discuss some of them briefly here.

It is interesting, to begin with, that this book is intended for use not only in universities, but in the upper classes of schools. Reading this, I was impressed once again by the standards set in English schools, and the sharp difference between them and the standards of our Canadian high schools. How many of our high school students, I wonder, are expected to know anything about the Pre-Raphaelites, either as painters or writers? It is not vital that they should do so; life can be lived quite adequately without any such knowledge.

But it is part of general knowledge —of that loose mass of history, literature, art, music, architecture, science and philosophy of which everyone calling himself an educated person should possess some smattering—and it is the scope of our general knowledge which gives flavor to life for most of us. To know nothing of Pre-Raphaelite art and literature is to be ignorant of a movement which once gave beauty and meaning to life for a great many people; to know something of such a movement may be helpful in finding beauty and meaning in our own lives, even if only because we shy away from the Pre-Raphaelites in horror.

It is desirable that Canadians generally and young Canadians in particular should know something about the Pre-Raphaelites because the mainspring of their movement, according to themselves, was utter sincerity. Now "sincerity" is one of the witchwords of our time, and nowhere does it exert a more powerful sway than in Canada. If it is said of a man in this country, be he artist or statesman, that he is not *sincere*, that man is as good as dead. What do we mean by sincerity? At best we mean integrity; at worst we mean a kind of humorless singleness of mind, without overtones. Very rarely do we question our concept of sincerity; very rarely do we reflect that it is not especially commendable to be sincere unless we are sincere in some great cause, and that even sincerity in a great cause may bring us to grief.

That is exactly what happened to the Pre-Raphaelites. Sincerity in art and literature was the rock to which they clung, and the rock upon which they tore themselves to pieces. Paradoxically, when we look at their pictures and read their stories and poems today, we do not see sincerity, but a mass of affectation and mannerism, and unless we make a careful, conscious and informed effort to understand these works we miss their point entirely. The blunt fact is that in art it is not sincerity and dogma, but genius and inspiration, which lie behind great creations.

The Pre-Raphaelite movement had its beginning in 1848, when seven earnest young men banded themselves together in a revolt against the materialism of their age. The movement took its inspiration from a German school of painting which attempted to return to the simplicity, rooted in faith, which was supposed to have inspired painters before the Renaissance. Of course we have little evidence to suggest that pre-Renaissance painters were particularly devout persons, but faith—the whole-souled abandonment to some form of belief—has always been strongly attractive to young artists, and particularly to young artists whose talent is not of the first rank.

We see this in our own day, and especially in the realm of literature. How many writers have taken a whirl at Communism, hoping that in its dogma, and in its woolly or hypocritical applications, they will find a rock to cling to and a never-failing source of inspiration! A number of writers, also, have become Catholic converts, for precisely similar reasons. They want dogma and they want a system; they seek an infallible answer to the great problems of life and they will pay a very high price in the coin of intellectual subjection for the comfort which such an infallible answer gives them. It very often seems that the great stream of humanism which began to flow at the Renaissance has run dry, or has become bitter to the taste; or it could also be that humanism demands a continued intellectual effort on the part of its followers which is too taxing for the lovers of dogma.

DOGMA is like a railway track; set your hand-car firmly upon the rails and pump away as hard as you like and you may confidently hope to fetch up in Moscow or in the City of God. The humanist, on the contrary, sets out upon the Atlantic in his dinghy and sweats all through the voyage of his life, with one eye on the stars and the other on his compass, one hand on the tiller and the other on the sheet; he would like to reach

the Fortunate Isles, but he optimistically hopes to enjoy some parts of his voyage, as well.

This little book about the Pre-Raphaelites makes it plain that anything which they wrote or painted which was beautiful was done in spite of the dogma which they sought to impose upon art, and not because of it. They craved other-worldliness; they seemed to be in full flight not only from materialism, but from sex. Yet sex speaks plainly in their poetry and in their painting. They yearned to-ward rich, and the pictures of Holman Hunt and Ford Madox Brown are so full of lessons that it takes quite a long essay, supplied by the painter, to give the key to them. Yet we admire these works, if we admire them at all, for the ingenuity of their drawing and color, and for the naive yet stagey way in which they present their subjects. We are amused by the "lessons" taught in such pictures as "The Last Day in the Old Home," by Martineau, and "The Awakened Conscience" by Holman Hunt, but we like the pictures (at least, I like them) because it is possible, by studying them for a time, to get the feel of a particular kind of Victorianism—not merely its outward shows but its moral attitude.

So also it is with the poetry of D. G. Rossetti, his sister Christina, William Morris, and Swinburne: little of it is poetry of the first rank, but the worst of it has a flavor which we must heed if we hope to understand the thinking of the Victorians, and—perhaps more important than their thinking—their feeling. These people, in attempting to turn backward in time to what they believed to have been a better world, succeeded only in turning inward upon themselves, giving us their dreams and their wishes. Because they were people of deep feeling and strong individuality of thought, their dreams and wishes are rewarding and often fine. But what they achieved, and what they set out to achieve, were two very different things.

It was all done with the utmost sincerity. Let them stand as a lesson to young Canadians that sincerity is, at best, a shallow attribute of the mind, and has nothing to do with artistic creation. The integrity of the artist is not unquestioning adherence to an external line of belief or conduct; it is, rather, submissive attention to the voice of his own talent. The Pre-Raphaelites did their best to stick to a party line, but those of them who had true ability as artists were quite unable to do so, and it is their deviations which give their work vitality and interest now.

If this seems to say little about Dr. Welland's book, let me hasten to add that all that goes before arises from a reading of it, and that you will find it provocative of reflection. It is a well-planned book, containing an essay on the Pre-Raphaelites, some reproductions of their pictures, and a good selection of their prose and poetry.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

THE PRE-RAPHAELITES IN LITERATURE AND ART—by D. S. R. Welland—pp. 216—many illustrations in half-tone and line—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.25.

In Brief

CREOLE CITY: Its Past And Its People—by Edward Larocque Tinker—pp. 347, with illustrations, index, and endpaper map—*Longmans, Green*—*$7.50.*

The story of Uncle Sam's shotgun marriage with Marianne will have a double appeal for Canadians—paradoxically that of the exotic and the familiar.

Ceded to Spain by France in 1762, retroceded to France by Spain in 1800, and sold by Napoleon to the United States in 1803, Louisiana seethed for a century with the hurt pride of a race-proud people. The virtues and vices of the Latin temperament were deliberately cultivated to extremes to prove that American Creoles were French first of all. Their passions mingled with a strain of Africa to produce all possible combinations of black and white in race and language. "Only a diet of roast pelican stuffed with firecrackers could have produced such men."

Mr. Tinker approaches the history of New Orleans obliquely as a man who sees the sights of many different streets which all end in the city's core. He feels its history in his blood; he hears all the changes it has rung on the French and English languages; he savors its cookery with the lyricism of the gourmet; he recounts with equal relish all the savory gossip he has

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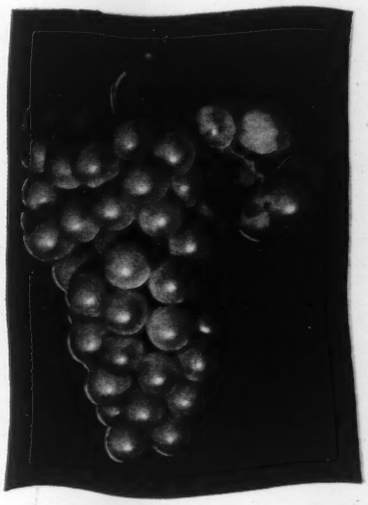

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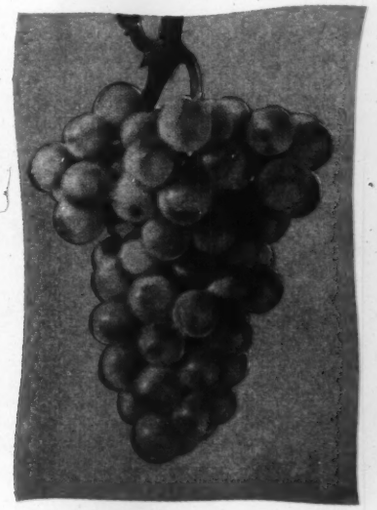

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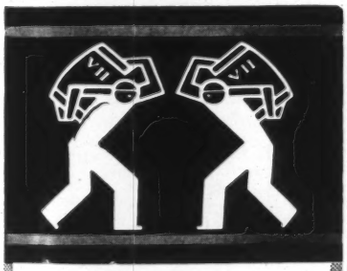

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

found in old journals. His apparent preoccupation with trivial details resolves at last into a vivid impression of a living city.

STORMING THE CITADEL: The Rise Of The Woman Doctor—by E. Moberly Bell—pp. 191, with illustrations, bibliography, and index—*Longmans, Green*—$3.75.

An account of the vicissitudes of women pioneers in the field of medicine directs attention to the rich vein of irony which underlay the Victorian social scene and which was only vaguely suspected by most Victorians. A Queen who took the world as her province saw no reason why her feminine subjects should extend theirs beyond the home. She consistently opposed the training of women as doctors in England while inconsistently wishing for qualified medical women to promote the welfare of her subjects in outposts of empire.

This lucid account of the succession of dedicated women who broke down the barriers of prejudice gains by the restraint and dignity of the author's style. As close to our present as the two World Wars, the pioneer work of women doctors rivals that of Florence Nightingale in the Crimea.

THE YOUNG ELIZABETH—by Jennette and Francis Letton—pp. 277—*Musson*—$3.25.

A sentimental and melodramatic treatment of historical moments which need only factual description to kindle a fire in the imagination, this book is possibly better and certainly not worse than much currently popular historical fiction. But its notes are brassy indeed when compared with the fanfares played for Elizabeth on silver trumpets by Edith Sitwell and others.

TIDEFALL—by Thomas H. Raddall—pp. 309—*McClelland & Stewart*—$3.75.

Here is another Canadian seascape with figures arranged so that the people, though inseparable from their background, stand out importantly from it and are never overwhelmed by it. The tidefall which overtakes the evil sea-captain is a retribution brought about by human weakness rather than by the dominance of the elements.

This is an interesting story, though it falls short of a powerful effect. There is so much freshness in the action which is guided by the characters themselves that the reader cannot help wishing for a tighter style, especially in the undistinguished dialogue, and for deeper delving into those characters.

THE UNRELUCTANT YEARS: A Critical Approach to Children's Literature—by Lillian H. Smith—pp. 190, index, and bibliographical lists—*American Library Association, Chicago*—$4.50.

This wise and valuable guide for parents, teachers, and librarians in the choice of books for children judges such books by a double standard: by the aesthetic values which give any literature worth, and for those elements which are known to appeal to children.

Miss Smith defines a good child's book as one which gives the child an experience, which adds to his stature as an individual. "Good children's books give those who enjoy them a steadying power, like a sheet-anchor in a wind, not moral at all, but something to hold to." It is possible in these days of mass production of mediocre books for a child to reach maturity without once encountering a book that is an experience for him. Miss Smith believes that if books with some creative imagination are placed within the child's reach he will find them.

Readers who have no personal interest in children's books will enjoy *The Unreluctant Years* if they enjoy reading literary criticism that is informed, if not profound. It may even send them back to such double-lensed authors as H. C. Andersen and Lewis Carroll.

THE ANGLED ROAD—by Norman Levine—pp. 158—*McClelland & Stewart*—$3.00.

This appears to be a Portrait of the Canadian Artist as a Young Man, lighted with the self-dramatization of the youthful egotist, shadowed with the self-deprecation and self-pity that are part of the Canadian birthright.

A portrait requires a deeper irony than this. If the author's detachment is insufficient, the characters develop obscurely out of his personal feelings. There are large areas of darkness which have no significance if the author has not come to terms with his experience.

Mr. Levine has either made too much of a youth that is rather commonplace, or he has brought too little imaginative development to an objective theme. Certainly he has handicapped his novel by associating the bitter-sweet path of adolescence with Emily Dickinson's angled road of soul-wracking experience.

SOUTHERN STEEL—by Dymphna Cusack—pp. 409—*Longmans, Green*—$2.50.

This novel has the power of its Australian war-time background and of the primitive passions that erupt when the main pattern of civilized decorum is broken.

The author's interest is in the human quality of her characters, a vital and varied group, who create a strong and absorbing story.

THE LOST GENERAL—by Elswyth Thane—pp. 241—*McClelland & Stewart*— $4.00.

The General died unsung in 1782, but that did not save him from embalmment in a thesis by a pretty New England schoolteacher. The first few pages reveal that the thesis-writer will marry the decayed Southern aristocrat who conducts her to the General's obscure grave.

This innocuous tale is recommended only to those who can feel a twinge of nostalgia for the *Girls' Own Annual*. It is hard to treat seriously the author's initial remarks about research done on this bit of girlish romance.

Writing families sometimes produce oddly assorted offspring. It is not an agreeable surprise to find this book claiming family connection on the dust-jacket with that splendid classic *Pheasants*, by William Beebe.

NOTHING IS QUITE ENOUGH—by Gary MacEoin—pp. 306—*McLeod*—$4.00.

Another record is added to the list of revelations about life in convent or monastery. This account has piquancy

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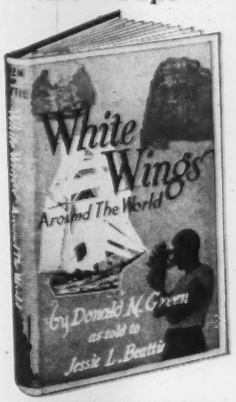

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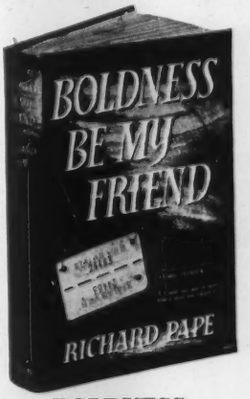

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TORONTO

because the monastery is in Ireland and the youth who entered it in 1927 was quite uninformed by worldly experience. He had, in fact, been preparing himself for this step from the age of thirteen.

Gary MacEoin believed in his vocation and fitted himself gratefully and contentedly into the "unceasing activity" of monastic life, which was to reach its climax with his ordination as a mission priest seven years later. The anticipated climax proved instead to be a shocking anti-climax, for his superiors decided irrevocably, for reasons never disclosed, that Gary MacEoin should not be ordained a Redemptorist priest. A final appeal to the Holy See brought the reply: "Parendum superioribus suis"—"Let him obey his superiors."

The intellectual independence which characterized MacEoin's solution of his psychological dilemma when he found himself cast against his will into the world outside the monastery possibly suggests a reason for his rejection from community life, but it would be presumptuous to guess, and unnecessary besides, for this book stands on its own merits as a thoughtful description of the ingrown soul and its painful struggle for reorientation. M.A.H.

CHARLEY MOON—by Reginald Arkell—pp. 238—*Michael Joseph*—*$2.50.*

Here is the old and potentially corny tale of the country lad who becomes a great success on the stage, is ruined by easy money, and returns to the scenes of his childhood. But stories become corny only because they are so good that untalented writers use them badly. Reginald Arkell is a very skilful writer, with a fine poetic vein, and he has made a delightful and credible scamp of Charley Moon. There is a great deal of tenderness, unforced fun and quiet wisdom in this pleasant book.

THE HISTORY AND TREASURES OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY—by Laurence E. Tanner, M.V.O., V.P.S.A.—pp. 128, chiefly pictures—*Ambassador*—*$4.00.*

Beautiful and authoritative, this book by the Keeper of the Muniments and Library of the Abbey is cheap at the price, for the pictures are fine (and not those you have seen everywhere else) and the writing is good. This book is also a reminder that the Abbey badly needs repairs, and that it would not hurt you, when you are squandering money on evanescent junk during the next few weeks, to send a pound or two to the fund for doing this work. After all, the Abbey is one of the treasures of the civilized world, and not just another English church.

BROADMOOR—by Ralph Partridge—pp. 272, index & illustrations—*Clarke, Irwin*—*$4.50.*

Criminal lunacy has only been recognized by British law since 1800; the great asylum for criminal lunatics called Broadmoor was built in 1863. This extremely interesting book is a history of the prison and a discussion of the problem which makes it necessary; the subject does not recommend itself to old ladies for Sabbath snooze-reading but it is fascinating to anyone interested in the problems raised by violent crime. Not without humor, either. "A very good day," says the Superintendent, after a sports day has been successfully got through. "Over twenty epileptics on the ground and not a single fit." Recommended.

B.E.N.

MAN ON THE TIGHT ROPE—by Neil Paterson — pp. 125 — illustrated — *Hodder & Stoughton*—*$2.00.*

Circus-owner Cernik had his troubles. Daughter Cara was infatuated with an American, Mama could be crude and there are always rivalries, sometimes dangerous ones, under the big top. But lately there had been trouble with the police. In Czechoslovakia you had to belong to the Party if you wanted to live, and Cernik had no interest in politics; moreover he had an outspoken old aristocrat in the show and a spy too, it seemed. So he formed his daring plan to divert the border guards and drive the circus holus-bolus over into Austria.

Neil Paterson is a first-rate storyteller and in this tightly spun yarn he takes the reader right into the throbbing, ingrown life of the caravans with their flamboyant circus folk. If he was tempted to draw his people large, he resisted, creating atmosphere and character with a few swift, sure strokes and producing only a novelette. But it has ingenuity, excitement and the allure of a carnival. What more could you ask for entertainment?

R.M.T.

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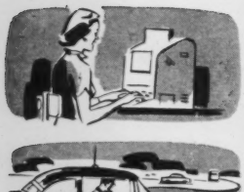

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They Say:

STATION BREAK: A recent issue of Marketing front-paged news of television shows to be featured on CBC's TV stations during the coming season. In case some readers should overlook the distinctively Canadian flavor of most of these presentations, we hasten herewith to fill in a few gaps.

Garry Moore, of "The Garry Moore Show", once rented a house from a man who has a cousin living in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.

Dennis Day, of "The Dennis Day Show", subscribes to a newspaper which is printed on Canadian newsprint.

Dinah Shore, of "The Dinah Shore Show", knows a woman whose father collects stamps and specializes in Canadian issues.

Milton Berle, of "The Milton Berle Show", once shot a Canada Goose.

Dave Garroway, of "The Dave Garroway Show", can hum "Canadian Capers" right through without missing a note.

Douglas Fairbanks, of "Douglas Fairbanks Theatre", is the son of Douglas Fairbanks Sr., who was once married to Mary Pickford, who was born in Canada.

Furthermore, all these performers rose to fame in a country which, if it is not exactly Canada, is at least as close to it as you can get geographically without overlapping.

London Daily Mail: The only complaint a mother had to make at Lambeth juvenile court recently against her two sons, aged nine and 11, accused of theft, was that they were both "heavy smokers".

Chicago Daily News: The best-advertised recession in history is somewhere ahead of us, flopping continually just out of reach like a mother quail luring the trespasser away from her nest. The economic soothsayers now place the date as early 1954. The consensus is that it will be mild . . .

There are no infallible rules for forecasting the future. But some very successful men go on the theory that the majority is always wrong, and that the time to sell short is when everybody is convinced that we have abolished depressions forever.

We are encouraged, therefore, to hope that the impending downturn will be something like a watched pot—never quite coming to a boil. Our optimism will remain unshaken until we are assured, on the very highest authority, that "our country is fundamentally sound."

The Letter-Review (Fort Erie): Department of National Revenue, in its latest Taxation Review, shows that policy of "soaking the rich" would not be very effective in Canada. There aren't enough rich to soak, and they haven't enough money.

In 1951, the report shows, only 1,570 Canadians earned more than $50,000. They made a total of $120 million, and paid $58 million in income tax, leaving them $62 million. In the same year, just 6,690 Canadians made between $25,000 and $50,000. They earned $221 million and paid $80 million in income tax, leaving them $141 million.

If Ottawa had taken all the money earned by all the people making more than $25,000, its revenues would have increased by $203 million—barely enough to keep the Defence Department running for a month.

Montreal Gazette: The child was having her first experience with Swiss cheese. She enjoyed it, but she was also a little baffled. "Mummy," she said, "what do I do with the holes?" To this question Mummy replied, "Just leave them on your plate, dear."

In the gigantic job of ringing the free world with defences in depth, the problem of what to do with the holes is less simple of solution. Holes can be entered from two sides. If one side does not fill them, the other is very likely to. The Allies must do their best to fill them from this side.

Thus we find that the anti-Communist world has accepted a Communist state, Yugoslavia, as an ally. The British Labor Party is currently condemning the United States for its treaty with Franco Spain.

In a world which believes in free speech, such criticisms are the right of every citizen. But the responsibility of the governments of the free world is to strengthen every guarantee they can find for the defence of the free world. This inevitably involves deals with governments not approved of by the whole population.

The holes in our defences must be filled. They cannot be left on the plate.

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This was just his way of saying that nothing in this world of ours is permanent . . . that *all* things are affected by change. Of course, with many things like rocks or oceans even slight change often takes centuries, but with other things change can, and often does, occur almost overnight.

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Sports

Watch That Excavation, Jack!

VANCOUVER: The boys weren't kidding when they said they'd build a British Empire Games Stadium in this, the most bustling Canadian community west of Coquitlam. Although the project has gone ahead in virtual secrecy, as far as the rest of Canada is concerned, your correspondent visited the site at great trouble, expense and personal risk and —by gum—this joint is going to make the *old* Empire Games Stadium at Hamilton look like a mail-order privy.

I have it on the unimpeachable authority of Al Williamson, a lean, sardonic former New Zealander who is publicist for The Games, that work on the Stadium is progressing nearly a month ahead of schedule. Williamson has been a friend of mine for 20 years and the only occasions on which I have known him to be unreliable were when he was attempting to pick winners at the Lulu Island race tracks.

The Games will open on July 30 and will continue through to August 7. Hmmm—that's a mighty short stay in a $1,560,000 Stadium.

Well, the truth of the matter is that the British Empire Games aren't expected to repay more than a tiny fraction of the cost of the plant. As is usual in North American stadia, it will be dear old football which will pay the bills.

This poses a rather interesting problem, because the Vancouver Lions haven't been admitted to the Western Interprovincial Football League. As a matter of fact, the Vancouver Lions exist only on paper and, as yet, they haven't thrown a single forward pass or a resounding block.

Furthermore, there is good reason to believe that prairie teams are making an earnest effort to frustrate the attempts of the Vancouver Lions to enter the Western Conference. Even Edmonton's Walter Sprague, who is president of the WIFU, admitted, in an unguarded moment when importuned by a Vancouver *Sun* reporter, that the Lions will be an extremely unwelcome addition to the league. Mr. Sprague subsequently screamed that he had been misquoted, but there hasn't been a Western Canadian politician in the last 50 years who ever admitted that he had been quoted correctly.

Arthur F. (for "Fearless") Mercer, the president of the Vancouver Lions, stormed into Edmonton a couple of weeks ago and was mollified by Mr. Sprague and other Western football moguls, but the fact remains that the prairie teams are stacking the cards and are prepared to deal Vancouver the Nine of Hearts.

In justice to them, one club—The Winnipeg Blue Bombers—is frank enough to say that it simply wishes that Vancouver would drop into the Straits of Juan de Fuca. The Winnipeg executives argue that, with the addition of Vancouver, a five-team league would provide a baffling problem for the schedule-makers. Additionally, they charge that Vancouver never has been a Major League sports city and, under ordinary circumstances, the Vancouver citizens wouldn't spend 10 cents to see the Statue of Liberty take a swan-dive into New York Harbor.

Vancouver, which has been starved for major sport on a Canadian basis, has rallied behind the football interests in rather remarkable fashion. Already there are 1,800 members of the Lions at $20 per head.

The drive for season-ticket subscribers will start in the immediate future. Unfortunately, Vancouver sports spectators have been coddled in the past—that is to say, they have been provided with covered stands which protect them from the rain. Because of this, the costs of the new British Empire Games Stadium have been increased alarmingly to provide 10,900 covered seats.

Such extravagance is nonsense, of course. Any North American football fanatic needs no more than a small hip-flask of medicinal spirits to protect him from the elements.

The executives of the Vancouver football club scored a ten-strike when they signed Annis Stukus to coach their non-existent football club. For his part, Annis Stukus scored a ten-strike when he signed with Vancouver —he insisted that they deposit three years' advance salary in the bank. The affable and garrulous Stukus has been doing a fine job of selling football to Vancouverites and, even if the Lions never lace a boot, he can go back to his Toronto newspaper job with a full purse.

THE VANCOUVER executives have one problem which they cannot lick with sheer Canadian pluck: fog.

They propose to play night games in the Western Conference. Football can be played in rain, naturally, but football cannot be played in fog which, in this part of the country, can be so thick that the quarterback can't read the lettering on the ball.

Arthur F. (for "Fearless") Mercer has taken this problem in his stride. "Hah!" he snorted when your correspondent brought this matter to his attention. "We haven't had a real fog since you left here in 1941. The fogs we have out here now are itsy-bitsy things that wouldn't cause the postponement of a Boy Scout wiener-roast."

I wish that I could believe him. I remember trying to walk home through a Vancouver fog one night and I wound up in the Olympia Hotel in Seattle.

JIM COLEMAN

Business

Economic Development and Energy Sources

CANADA'S TRANSITION, within the past quarter of a century, from a primarily agricultural nation to a predominantly industrial one has been largely due to its almost unlimited sources of fuel and power. An abundance of easy-to-harness water power has been responsible for the rapid development of a wide range of industries from pulpwood to chemicals; the co-existence of coal and iron ore in the Maritimes has been the basis of a thriving steel industry; out West the virtually untapped resources of natural gas, already being used in metallurgy for the treatment of ores, offer limitless potentialities.

In fact the whole concept of energy, in whatever form, has turned upside down. As economists of the Canadian Bank of Commerce in the current issue of the *Commercial Letter* pointed out, within two or three decades the term "horsepower" has lost its significance for a tractor-loving generation that rarely even *sees* a horse.

To some extent it is possible to measure just how great this change has been and in the monthly letter the economists produce facts and figures to show this development.

The relationship between the total use of energy and the general level of economic activity is shown in the chart.

In the years from 1926 to 1952 Canada's population rose by almost half as much again, but the actual energy used far outstripped even this challenging potential. In actual figures it increased from just over one million billion British Thermal Units in a year to almost two and a half million billion—500 billion B.T.U. being roughly equivalent to the energy produced by 3,700 tons of coal or its counterpart in oil, electricity or natural gas.

But in addition to this overall increase, there was a significant shift in the proportionate contributions made by different *types* of energy. For example, the total consumption of coal and coke during 1952 was 43 million tons—10 million more than the figure for 1926; but whereas in 1926 this fuel had been responsible for supplying almost 82 per cent of the energy, by last year the figure had dropped to 45 per cent and the new pacemaker appeared to be petroleum.

Internal combustion engines, the use of oil for heating and the phenomenal growth of automotive traffic in the past decade have been mainly responsible for this shift. During the war, oil supplies were tight for any but essential purposes but, nevertheless, general consumption has tripled since 1940, motor registrations have doubled, aircraft mileage has increased five-fold and in a host of other ways such as road-building operations and increasing farm mechanization its uses are becoming more widespread.

"Oil is everywhere," the head of one of the larger producing companies recently said, and it is certainly true that oil is becoming the most ubiquitous product in industry today.

Among the most publicized aspects of recent years, however, has been the growth of the giant hydro-electric power systems and it is the use of electric energy that has shown the steadiest pattern of growth. Even the worst of the depression years made little more than a dent in the progressively greater production and use of electric power. Its increase over the pre-war level is less spectacular than that of oil—it has merely doubled—but its relative efficiency, particularly in industry, is high and the conversion loss small.

About two-thirds of the total electrical energy produced in 1952 was utilized by industry and what growth there has been in recent years has been overshadowed by the gains made by oil. But the growth of electric power as a source of domestic lighting, heating, and cooking is a more inspiring story.

Within a dozen years it has outgrown itself four times and new applications (such as glass panel heating) still await an unrestricted signal to go ahead, because demands far outstrip the supply of power. Such developments point the way to greater strides in the future.

In fact, only in transportation has there been any decline in the amount of power used. This has been brought about, mainly, by the increasing popularity of buses over trolley cars but actually makes little difference, in the long run, because transportation absorbs a relatively small proportion of total power production.

A dark horse in the power field may well be natural gas which has been an important source of energy in parts of Canada in the past—notably Ontario, New Brunswick, and parts of Saskatchewan and Alberta—but, with the construction of pipelines, may be expected to widen its range in the future. The ratio for the use of natural gas for domestic purposes has also risen from 5.8 in 1940, to 7.8 today.

But probably more important than these factors is the basic one that not only is the *use* of power growing as fast as Jack's beanstalk, but that the very *sources* of such power have also been expanding. A scant six years ago, for example, it was believed that Western Canada's oil reserves could be measured at 72 million barrels; today it is thought that even 1,700 million barrels would be a conservative estimate—and this despite the fact that actual daily production has, during that period, increased more than seven-fold to 169,000 barrels.

The day is not too far ahead (1960 has been suggested) when Canada will be self-sufficient in oil supplies, a remarkable achievement when it is considered that, in 1946, domestic production was able to supply only a meagre eight or nine per cent of domestic needs. Last year the proportion had risen to 45 per cent.

Canada is fortunate in the possession of almost unequalled resources of water power, both developed and undeveloped, which have been responsible for the increase in turbine installation from just under 6¾ million horse power to more than 14 million within a period of 20 years. Last year there was a net increase in installed capacity of close to a million h.p.; another 860,000 h.p. will be in operation by the end of the year and a further two million is either under construction or in the planning stage.

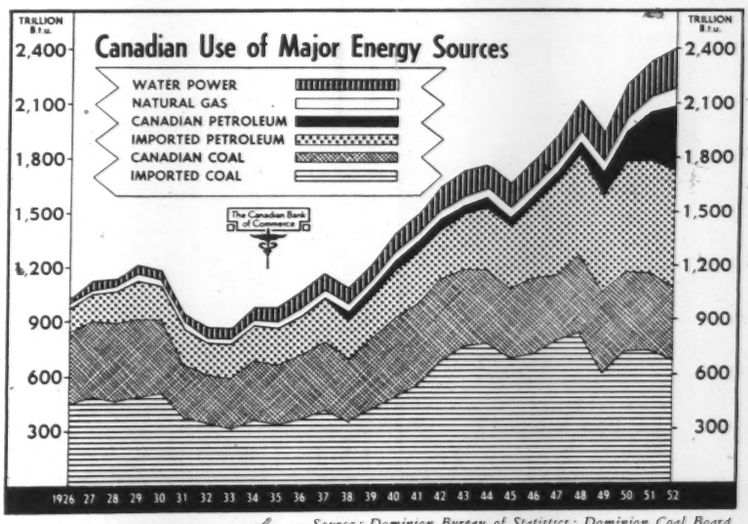
The northward movement of industry and improvements in the efficiency of long-distance transmission are making power developments economically feasible in formerly remote areas. Due to a relatively small population and a vast power potential, the average installation of 991 h.p. per thousand population is among the highest in the world.

THE CONTINUING development of all these sources of power tends to compensate for the initial unbalance of a shortage of one type of power in one region and a surplus of another elsewhere. An abundance of water power in the central and northern areas which lie within the Canadian shield will shortly be aided by the arrival of oil piped direct from Alberta. This tends to offset the lack of coal there; in the Maritime provinces an abundance of coal reverses the situation.

Coal itself has posed something of a problem in the past. Coal reserves, of all types, probably amount to almost 100 billion tons, but much of it is situated at a considerable distance from the areas of greatest demand and such densely populated provinces as Ontario and Quebec can usually be supplied more economically from mines in Pennsylvania and Ohio. Moreover, there is practically no anthracite coal mined domestically and supplies of this have to be entirely imported.

In the years immediately prior to World War II Canadian sources supplied about 50 per cent of this country's total requirements, and while demands will almost certainly continue to increase, there are no strong indications that domestic production will be able to improve greatly on this showing. Over the past three years, in fact, the proportion has dropped to 40 per cent.

One of the bright spots in the power picture of the future is the potential contribution to be made by nuclear energy. Its use both industrially and for domestic purposes seems to be assured and, as one of the major producers of radioactive material, Canada would appear to be in the forefront of such developments.



Source: Dominion Bureau of Statistics; Dominion Coal Board

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Jaculet Mines

ASK WHAT SHOULD *I do with 2,000 shares of Jaculet Mines Ltd., for which I paid 15 cents?—M. L., Montreal.*

With an option due on December 16 that provides for the payment of 15 cents per share on a block of 100,000 shares, and diamond drilling due to commence on the copper prospect in the Chibougamau area of Quebec, it would appear advisable to hold your stock.

It seems a reasonable assumption that some development news will be available to assist the underwriters in their task of distributing the shares they have underwritten. The surface indications, taken from trenching, show some grounds for hope in this regard. Partial sampling has provided results of from 3 to 8 per cent copper.

Should an advance be induced in the stock, the chart pattern indicates supply will be heavy in the 16-18 cent level.

Petromine

I HAVE *200 shares of Petromine Exploration. Would you advise me if these are of any value?—J. E. J., Waterloo, Ont.*

Petromine has been succeeded by Nationwide Minerals Ltd., the basis of reorganization being one new for two old shares.

As Nationwide is currently offered at prices from 50 cents to $1.20 without a bid at the present time, its prospects appear anything but good.

The last publicity release on this company stated that it was exploring for oil in South-western Ontario with the aid of an instrument known as a petrometer.

This section of the country has been pretty well combed for oil bearing formations. The occasional well is still brought in, but it is extremely doubtful whether these explorations will develop anything of commercial importance.

It is suggested that you place your stock with a broker for sale in the event that a bid appears.

Saratoga Exploration

IN MARCH *of 1951 I purchased shares in Saratoga Exploration Co., Ltd., at 45 cents. What is your opinion of this stock? Is it of any value?—Mrs. J. S. M., Blenheim, Ont.*

The outlook for Saratoga Exploration seems to be dubious. While shares are offered for sale by some dealers, there are no bids in evidence for this stock. As any stock is only worth what it can be sold for, it is evident that little or no value can be placed upon this issue.

The purchasers of highly speculative unlisted stocks, who are really indulging in a form of blind gambling, should always question whether they are entering a one-way street when placing their money in this type of "get rich quick" stock. Trading in listed securities, where trading is conducted under exchange rules, can be hazardous enough, but at least there is usually an "out" as well as an "in" for the hopeful buyers.

What can I sell it for, not what do I hope to sell it for, is the first and best question that can be asked before buying any stock.

United Asbestos

MAY I HAVE *your opinion on United Asbestos Corporation Ltd.? Would you consider this stock to be a good investment at this time? —W. M. T., Brantford, Ont.*

United Asbestos owns a potential asbestos producing property at Black Lake, Quebec. Through its subsidiary, Lake Asbestos Ltd., American Smelting and Refining Co. is providing the financing to bring this property into production.

With a large tonnage of ore outlined, which grades from $7.00 to $11.00 per ton, an output of about 5,000 tons per day can be maintained for many years. Due to the great amount of work required in the pre-production stage, which is estimated to take about two years and even requires the draining of the lake, it is evident that a very considerable period of time must elapse before any production or earnings figures will become available.

Because of financial arrangements with Lake Asbestos, which provide for a very considerable portion of earnings going towards repayment of the funds advanced by that company, an even longer period of time must pass before any hope of dividend payments can be entertained.

As the classic definition of an investment is one from which a fairly regular dividend is derived, this stock must still be placed in the speculative class until its earning power has been proven. With stocks in this category we must depend greatly upon the market pattern traced across the chart for indications of possible movements. These show that, since the recovery from 2.00 topped out at 4.80 last spring, the stock has held a downward course with recent movements confined to a range between 2.60-3.75. It seems possible that it may decline to around 2.00, and at this point the stock would appear to be a buy.

Consolidated Guayana

I BOUGHT *Consolidated Guayana at 80 cents about a year ago. Would you advise holding this stock or selling it at the current price of 40? —M. Y. K., Toronto.*

This company now holds interests in two properties in Peru. At Santander, where a 75 per cent interest is held, drilling has indicated approximately 4 million tons of ore grading, on the average, 15 per cent zinc, 2.7

per cent lead, 0.48 per cent copper and 4 ounces of silver per ton.

The second property at Chavin, where a 25 per cent interest is held, has reported average grades of 29.2 per cent zinc, 20.3 per cent lead, 3.2 per cent copper and 7.3 ounces of silver per ton.

With these grades it would appear that both of these properties can be developed into commercial producers.

While no estimate of costs is available, the lower labor rates prevailing in Peru should reduce overall costs considerably.

From the steadiness of the stock, it appears that the price has stabilized at a fair support level. Selling hardly seems advisable now; it is suggested that you retain your present position with the protection of a stop loss order at 33, just under the low of 35½.

Betta Gamma Mines

I WOULD LIKE *some information on Beta Gamma Mines. Is it a good buy or not? Do you think it will go over 60 cents?—J. B., Edmonton, Alberta.*

From what can be ascertained from the various reports issued by this company, the properties are still very much in the preliminary exploration stage. While various values have been reported from the diamond drilling that has been conducted, it is impossible to say at this time whether a commercial ore body can be outlined. In view of the difficult rock formations found in the Beaverlodge area where narrow, widely separated veins present a formidable mining problem, the stock must be considered an out-and-out speculation.

From the market action of the stock, it is evident that the efforts of the underwriters to market it have not been too successful. This opinion is reinforced by the fact that the September 23 option instalment, comprising 50,000 shares at 80 cents, has been extended for two months.

Without active sponsorship the chances of the stock being pushed up over 60 cents seem rather slim. Therefore, the ratio of risk to possible profit seems too high for comfort.

New Larder "U"

WHAT ARE *the prospects for New Larder "U" Mines? I hold some shares in it and am wondering whether to hold or sell.—A. J., Montreal.*

The prospects of a further advance in this stock depend entirely upon how much enthusiasm can be generated by the promoters and underwriters.

Although some good drilling news has been announced and a shaft sinking program is being contemplated, it cannot be said with any degree of accuracy that the property will become a profitable commercial producer. The acid test of any property is, of course, whether or not the costs of operation will exceed the selling prices of the products.

With lead and zinc holding near their low prices of the year and showing little indication that a substantial price increase can be generated, one would have to be unreasonably optimistic to assume that anything but the efforts of the sponsors to market the balance of the 5 million share capitalization (3,287,135 were issued at the end of September) will be a bullish factor on the stock.

The facts evident in the base metal picture certainly do not provide any grounds for optimism. The United States is currently receiving some 25,000 tons of zinc per month when imports of 10,000 tons per month would be sufficient to supplement domestic production. Lead is in a similar position with a surplus import of 25,000 tons per month. This is at a time when automotive production is being curbed, battery makers have passed their seasonal peak of output, and production indices are pointing downwards.

The stock market appraisal of the outlook for many of our producing lead-zinc mines shows further evidence of this situation. Barvue Mines, with a 6,000 ton per day plant is currently selling at $1.85 from a high of $6.65 with only 3,180,000 shares outstanding. New Calumet, down from $3.70 to 60 cents, with an 800 ton per day mill, barely operates profitably at present metal prices. Ontario Pyrites, with some 7 million tons of indicated ore reserves and nearly three-quarters of a million dollars in cash, is selling at $1.10 and Consolidated Smelters, the largest and most efficient operation in the country, is well down from the high of 43⅜ at 25½.

The only conclusion that can be drawn from these facts is that the present price of New Larder "U" is unrealistic. Even if we assume that the property is a veritable bonanza, many millions of dollars will have to be expended before commercial production can commence. And, more important, a very considerable lapse of time must take place before any ore could be put through a mill.

Thus it appears that the price of the stock will not long remain stable in the present range of 2.10-2.30. And, as it seems very unlikely that a substantial extension of the advance from 1.45 can take place, in view of the very heavy weight of offerings overhead, the best trading tactics would be to sell your holdings and sell an equal amount short.

In Brief

WOULD YOU CONSIDER *Landover Oils and Mines a reasonable speculation at the present quotation of 22 cents?—L. P. D., Cheticamp, NS.*

No.

LAST YEAR *I purchased 1,000 shares of Pitch-Ore at 77 cents. I would like to have your opinion of the stock.—V. L. B., Toronto.*

A doubtful speculation.

I HOLD *some shares in Britt-Malartic Gold Mines. Can you tell me if they are of any value?—R. G. W., Toronto.*

The company has property in the Beaverlodge area now. The stock is quoted at 7-8 cents.

I HAVE *some shares in Brooklyn Stemwinder Gold Mines that I have held for years. Can you tell me what happened to this company?—O. L. B., Pendleton, BC.*

It stopped production in 1949.

W. P. SNEAD

Packaging—

A Marketing Essential

Attractive and well-designed packages and packaging materials are indispensable to the sale of many foods, household supplies and other products.

Somerville Limited, with plants at London, Ont. and Montreal, P.Q., is one of Canada's largest producers of lithographed and printed packaging materials and of automobile and appliance components made from panel board.

We offer, as principals:

Somerville Limited

$2.80 Sinking Fund Preferred Shares

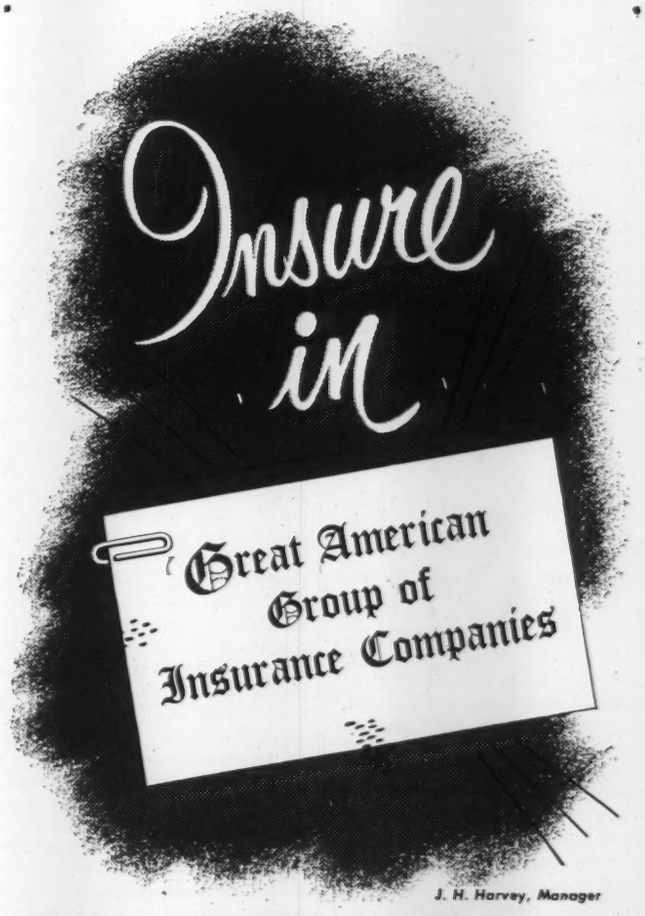
Price: $48 per share to yield 5.83%

The Somerville business was founded in 1886 and in 1944 the controlling interest in Somerville Limited was acquired by Mr. W. Garfield Weston. Since that date the company has enlarged its facilities and sales and earnings have increased substantially.

Prospectus forwarded promptly on request.

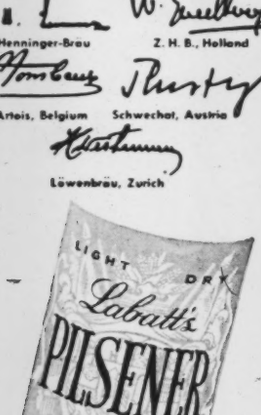
Wood, Gundy & Company
Limited

Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver Halifax
Quebec Ottawa Hamilton London, Ont.
Kitchener Regina Edmonton Calgary
London, Eng. Victoria Chicago New York



The only beer in the world endorsed by brewmasters from seven other breweries

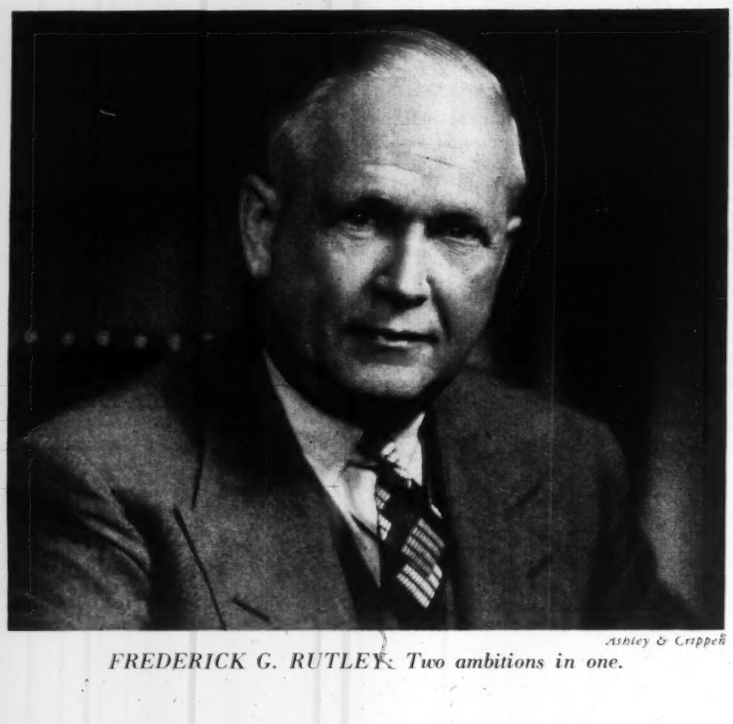
. . . look at the BACKS of the labels!



The swing is definitely to

LABATT'S

Saturday Night has no rival in the field of newsgathering and interpretation for Canadian men of business. In bringing the World of Business to Canadians, Saturday Night attempts to express in good writing, the permanently newsworthy, and cast a refreshing calm on the turbulent and quivering world.



Ashley & Crippen

FREDERICK G. RUTLEY: Two ambitions in one.

Who's Who in Business

WHILE STILL at school in Toronto, Frederick George Rutley decided he wanted to do two things—become a builder and do plenty of travelling. Subsequent hard work and perseverance have enabled him to fulfil his first ambition while realizing the second.

Last year he became President of the Foundation Company of Canada Limited which, in addition to its engineering and marine activities, is one of the country's biggest builders, although this aspect of its work has not always been prominent.

Fred Rutley joined the Foundation Company in 1913, when he was 23, after brief spells as a survey engineer for an Alberta railway and as resident engineer for the Calgary Power Company. For a year he supervised the construction of railway bridges in the West and was doing a similar job in Ontario when he enlisted in the 10th Royal Grenadiers, serving with the 3rd Canadian battalion in France and leaving the Army, as Captain, in 1918.

After the war he returned to his job with the Foundation Company in the Maritimes for a short time until he was called to Montreal and transferred to the executive side of the company during the early 20s. He rose from Purchasing Agent to Secretary to Assistant General Manager's rank and by 1929 was Vice-President.

Grey-haired Fred Rutley, now 62, is a short friendly man whose main enthusiasm is work. A war-time leg injury confines his leisure activities to such hobbies as reading (he likes historical novels) and gardening. He finds little time for anything that does not concern building and currently the Foundation Company's impressive list of contracts gives him every excuse to indulge his love of travel which, in turn, enables him to keep in touch with a wide range of friends in every part of Canada.

An army base in Manitoba, a pulp and paper works at Sault Ste. Marie, a copper smelter at Gaspé and Canada's new atomic plant at Chalk River are all Foundation Company projects and the President pops in, from time to time, at each one of them. "I was always a keen sidewalk superintendent," he says, "and I still like to watch other people at work."

He insists that every job in the construction business is different and supports the contention in his own case by pointing to some of the subsidiary companies of which he is a director. They include Gunite and Waterproofing Limited, the Atlantic Tug and Equipment Company at Syracuse, Construction Equipment Limited, Foundation Maritime Limited and the Quebec Salvage and Wrecking Company Limited, the last two of which also list him as President.

He has a married daughter; his two sons Timothy (19) and Ken (12) are still students but although both are keen on engineering and mechanics, he is not anxious to see them enter the firm he heads because of a certain prejudice about family ties.

His home in Mount Royal, four miles from his Montreal office, is tastefully furnished in traditional style. He likes neither modern art nor impractical furniture.

JOHN WILCOCK

CHERRY HILL CHEESE

. . . An outstanding gift suggestion for those who appreciate a cheese truly old, snappy and rich in flavour. Illustrated is just one of the many cheese gifts obtainable. This is Cherry Hill Gold Box Number 24—a 3 lb. Stilton of expertly cured cheese, naturally aged for more than a year — $2.75. Available at leading food stores or by writing direct to Old Cherry Cheese House, Brantford, Ontario.

Write for pamphlet illustrating more than twenty assorted gift packages of Cherry Hill Cheese

N.B: Your American friends love Cherry Hill Cheese

■ Next time YOU think of rum, try Wray & Nephew TWO DAGGER . . . Its smooth, hearty flavour adds zest to rum drinks. Comes from Jamaica in the bottle.

WRAY AND NEPHEW
Two Dagger
JAMAICA RUM

J. WRAY & NEPHEW LTD.,
Distillers Since 1825 **Kingston, Jamaica**

Current Account

The Economic Stature of Quebec

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC is the cradle of Canadian industry. The early settlers were shut off from their Mother Country for months at a time and had to engage in industrial activities, although these were of the most simple types and of individual character—hand weaving of cloth and the making of soap and candles, for example. As the needs of an expanding colony grew, it developed other industrial activities, such as iron forging in the Trois Rivières section, and this process was speeded up by the British after they occupied the territory; they were more commercially inclined than the French inhabitants.

Now this province has reached an advanced stage of industrial development, which will continue even under some handicaps. Quebec is second only to Ontario in manufacturing as a whole, but it leads the country in the production of many commodities. It provides all Canada with more than half of its textiles, clothing and leather footwear, and is the major producer of wood pulp and newsprint, chemicals and railway rolling stock.

Many of the industries have a natural basis in extensive and comparatively easily accessible forest, mineral and water resources. In mineral production Quebec is by far the major source of such industrial materials as feldspar, asbestos and mica, and it is still the only source of primary aluminum (from imported bauxite), though it will soon have to share this distinction with British Columbia. Complementary to its resources of raw material is its immense water power, from which it generates over half of all the hydro-electric energy in Canada. This huge development of hydro-electric power partly explains the large concentration of pulp and paper mills in Quebec, for even with the extensive forest resources available to these industries, they could not have been developed to their present stage without the associated water power. The pulp and paper industries require about 100 horse power for every ton of their product, and use water, as well as wood, as a raw material; as much as 250 tons of water may be needed to manufacture one ton of paper.

All told, Quebec accounts for about 30 per cent of the total number of industrial establishments in Canada, and approximately the same proportion of the national value of manufactured products. It employs a slightly higher proportion of industrial workers because of the large number of laborers required in the manufacture of clothing, footwear, etc., and because, also, it does not yet have a large mechanical working force. At one time, not long ago, this province was considered to be mainly one of big individual industries, but this handicap has been lessened in recent years through the development of non-ferrous metal smelting, refining and fabricating plants, the production from which is now second to pulp and paper.

A greater variety of products has been manufactured in recent years and industry has become more widely dispersed. In the last five-year period new capital expenditures for industrial purposes (excluding maintenance and repairs) have exceeded one billion dollars in both urban and rural areas. This amount represents slightly over one-quarter of such expenditures for all Canada and more than half of those in the leading industrial province, Ontario.

While many of the new plants and additions to existing establishments under this expansion program have been built in and around Montreal, a considerable proportion of the new capital expenditure has been made outside that area. Accordingly, new industries have sprung up at such important manufacturing points as Quebec City, Trois Rivières, Sorel, St. Jean, Sherbrooke and Granby, to add considerably to their industrial capacities and, of course, to their population. Moreover, numerous smaller localities, some of a distinctly rural character, have also attracted new industries.

This diversification is all to the good. It has meant less overcrowding in congested Montreal than would otherwise have been the case. It has also meant that less objection has been encountered to the industrialization of Quebec than was formerly voiced on the grounds that such progress, confined largely to urban centres, caused a departure from traditional ways of life, by tempting young people to the big cities and breaking up families in a province where family ties have always been strong. Greater decentralization is assured by the opening up of vast newly-discovered mineral deposits in outlying regions, for in time these will require metallurgical and other industries of their own.

THE CHANGES in the economic life of Quebec which have made it an important industrial section can only be regarded as revolutionary, in the face of racial isolation, the lack of native capital and an educational system which, until about fifteen years ago, did not fit many young French people for the most advanced forms of business. The old sense of, or desire for, isolation still prevails in certain circles but slowly it has had to give way to more progressive minds, including those of some political leaders and enterprising business people, both French and English. Most of the capital invested in industry has, however, been provided by English-Canadian and American interests; the French-speaking population has never been fond of venturing its savings outside of agriculture, town and city property, trade and service. This fact was brought out in a discussion about two years ago in the Quebec Legislature in which Premier Duplessis expressed the wish that more of his compatriots would join in the financing of industrial and natural resource development. The Opposition Leader explained that most French capital was directed to less risky investment, such as real estate.

All this should not be taken as indicating that there are no French entrepreneurs in Quebec industry. Some of the soundest and best managed industries in the province have been founded and capitalized by the most enterprising of the Quebecois. Total capital investment has not been as profitable in Quebec as elsewhere in Canada. According to figures compiled by the Department of Trade and Commerce, profits have averaged 15 per cent of assets, compared with 16 per cent for all Canada. The difference

"You're right, young man! Imperial Whisky is even finer now, than it was in my early days."

IMPERIAL

Canadian Whisky

Mature and Mellow
smoother than ever
Look for it in the NEW
DECANTER BOTTLE

Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited

DISTILLERS OF THE FAMOUS Canadian Club WHISKY

might be accounted for by the cost of bilingual labelling of practically every container of products sold in the province and extra taxes which have increased by as much as 10 per cent the prices of gasoline and oil over those of Ontario. Insurance premiums are considerably higher in Quebec than in other provinces. Processors and distributors have to import much of the food that the people of Quebec require, which involves high transportation costs. While the province has some of the best farming districts and methods in North America, the commercial production of food of Quebec origin is only about half that of Ontario.

Montreal is the railroad centre of Canada, but the Province has not much more than 10 per cent of the national railway mileage. Roads in this province for automotive transport are by no means the best in Canada. The highways, though improved and extended considerably in recent years, can only be classed for the main part as secondary, yet the operation of motor vehicles is more costly than in other provinces, not only because of the higher prices for gasoline and oil, but also because of the greater licence charges. These disadvantages in transportation facilities are offset, at least partly, by the St. Lawrence waterway which provides Quebec with a relatively cheap outlet to the Atlantic and foreign countries during about seven months of open navigation. Taking all these factors into account it seems that industry in Quebec has absorbed some of the higher operating costs it has had to contend with, for otherwise the margin in profits would be wider.

In recent years, Quebec's educational system has been broadened so as to provide opportunities for the new generation of the French race to share more fully in the economic life of their native land. Commercial courses have been introduced on a wide scale in educational institutions, engineering departments have been extended in the universities and some excellent vocational schools have been established. Perhaps best of all has been the introduction of compulsory education (half a century or more later than in other parts of the civilized world), which virtually put an end to child labor in Quebec.

Naturally, the new generation expects to participate more fully in the development of the Province, and it can do so without being influenced by nationalistic sentiments expressed from time to time in such utterances as "Quebec should have economic independence" and "industrial management should be in the hands of the French". These are the views of extremists who refuse to recognize that most of the industrial development of Quebec has been undertaken by English-Canadian and American capitalists, and that while the rest of Canada may now be dependent upon Quebec for some of its everyday necessities, industry in Quebec is even more dependent upon the other provinces.

Federal statistics show that while Quebec accounts for about 30 per cent of the total national output of manufactured goods, equal to its proportion of the population of all Canada, it provides a retail market of not much more than one-fifth for the country as a whole. Actually, the industrial future of Quebec is bound up with the rest of Canada, and given the informed understanding it needs, it will go forward with all Canada.

C. M. SHORT

•

The color indicates the day your laundry or dry cleaning is to be ready. Thus, if your order is to be ready on Thursday it is marked with a yellow tag. Our staff can see at all times when your laundry is promised—so it is almost impossible for it to be late—unless there is some special reason.—*Advertisement in the Ottawa Citizen.*

Like not being done in time.

•

After we'd wormed the Hemingway recipe out of Bob, we made him talk some more before we let him go back to his "butchering". You can tell he's a true cook because he keeps his recipe in his head. "Gosh," he said apologetically, "we don't cook by recipe around here. The cook and I keep it in our heads."
—*Columnist in the Regina Leader-Post.*

Getting ahead in the food department.

The good things of life are still theirs

...thanks to the life insurance that was bought in time for their protection

For this mother and for these children there will never be the hardships and the heartaches that confront a family left without enough money to live on.

They will be able to go on living in the home they love, among the same friends and neighbors.

The girl and the boy can receive the education they need for a fair start in life.

The mother will never be obliged to work for a living. She can devote her full time to her children, to her home, and to her personal interests.

A husband and father may die—but food, clothing, a home, and education can still be provided to his family through the life insurance that his forethought created.

London Life
Insurance Company
HEAD OFFICE • LONDON, CANADA

Ask the London Life man to show you how your life insurance can be arranged to provide the maximum income from your policies.

Advertising

A Favorable Climate

AGENCIES are urging on clients the advisability of bigger planning for 1954. They are reminding them that the population has increased considerably; that people have more money; that they want to live better and will welcome new and improved products. These factors, it is emphasized, have created the most favorable advertising climate in years. Such increases as have been made in advertising expenditures have taken care of higher production costs and line rate increases, but have not been sufficient to make the most of the economic situation.

Not only should there be more advertising, but it must have more creativeness and originality. Themes and copy that are not sharply focussed and dynamic will swallow advertising dollars without digesting them or putting them to work. Dr. Gallup states that advertising "that keeps shouting out big claims in a dull, stereotyped way is going into the discard . . . it must tell the reader very clearly and convincingly how he can solve his problem." All signs point to a confirmation of this view.

Some of the large national advertisers are using the services of more than one agency. Canadian Canners, Limited, has announced the appointment of additional agencies. One will handle advertising for Aylmer frozen foods; a second will direct the promotion of Aylmer fruits, vegetables and baby foods; and a third will be responsible for Aylmer soups and catsup.

The latest issue of *Dofasco Illustrated News*, the employee house organ published by Dominion Foundries & Steel, Limited, contained an insert of a magazine ad in full colors presenting "Hallowe'en Party Suggestions," with menu and recipe, the whole glamourized by an illustration of a series "telling *your* story to the people of Canada," pointing out "the important contribution Dofasco workers are making to the growth and development of the nation." The significance of the magazine campaign is that the steel company are "Pioneers in Canadian Tin Plate," and the more canned goods sold the better for all concerned—company, workers and consumers.

Santa Claus made his visit to town earlier than usual this year. Early in the summer he appeared on cards in street cars. He reminded that the Bank of Montreal would be ready for Christmas and asked "Will you?" He is presently running, with fine impartiality, two consumer contests offering valuable cash prizes for two competing brands of margarine. Bridal Bell diamond rings are being advertised as "extra special Christmas gifts" and, judging by the number of "hookers" they trail, the ads are popular with dealers. Christmas card advertising appears long before Yuletide and the notable thing about a coast-to-coast campaign by Wm. E. Coutts Company, Limited, is that it is this firm's first effort to promote Coutts-Hallmark greeting cards.

The attention of the many who are puzzled what to give men at Christmas will be attracted by suggestions in consumer publications that gifts be selected from among such instruments as barometers and thermometers.

JOHN CARLTON

Clothed and Armed

Democratic Digest: An account of a parade of 1,000 boys dressed in assorted helmets caused us to reflect upon the amazing variety of costumes and headgear available for the delight of today's small fry. The development of fantastic beanies has kept pace with the great scientific advances of our generation. We fully expect that some grade school student in a plastic bubble helmet from Gimbel's will reach the moon in a homemade rocket before the professors make it.

And if the men at the Pentagon could design a weapon as menacing as the disintegrator guns the kids in our block keep eradicating us with, we think the Russians would agree to disarmament in a hurry. What this proves other than that we're going to have to spend a lot of money to keep our young son clothed and armed at the height of television and comic book fashion before he reaches the blue jeans stage, we do not know.

Goodbye to BLOWOUTS

Nylon Cords protect against ALL these causes of tire failure...

HEAT—Nylon cords can withstand higher temperatures than a tire will ever encounter on the highway in normal operations.

FLEX FATIGUE—Nylon's resilient strength makes tire cord stand up under the complex compression-tension flexing which takes place every time a tire turns—reduces flex fatigue failures.

BRUISE DAMAGE—Nylon's toughness virtually ends cord ruptures caused by tires hitting curbs and holes at high speeds.

U.S. Truck Operators Endorse Nylon Cord Tires... Reports on the performance of nylon cord truck tires in the United States are almost unbelievable. "No blowouts in 7 million tire miles", says one user who has over a hundred nylon cord tires.

"Our costs per ton mile have really come down as a result of having no blowouts with our nylon cord tires," says another. "They averaged 40,000 miles on drive wheels and 30,000 more on trailers before we recapped them."

"We used to average 10 heat blowouts a month. Then we started buying nylon cord tires—and in 20 million tire miles have never experienced a single blowout," says still another user. "Nylon cords have helped reduce road delays by 60%."

• • •

Nylon cord truck tires are available in Canada. Their use up to now has been limited, but results have been as favorable as those in the United States: reduced carcass failures, fewer road delays, a higher percentage of successful recaps—all adding up to lower costs per mile. For further information on nylon cord tires, write to Nylon Merchandising Service, Canadian Industries Limited, 1135 Beaver Hall Hill, Montreal.

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED

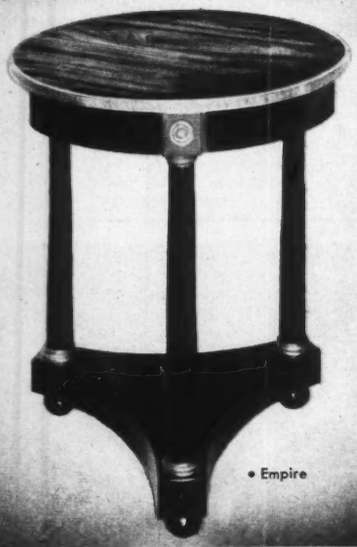
Manufacturers of Nylon Filament Yarns and Staple Fibre

C·I·L nylon SERVING CANADIANS THROUGH CHEMISTRY

NY-53-47

EATON'S

• English 18th Century



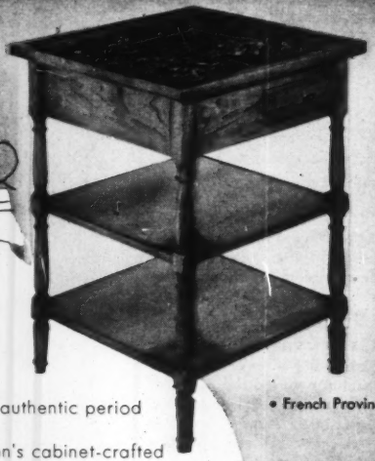
• Empire

Tables

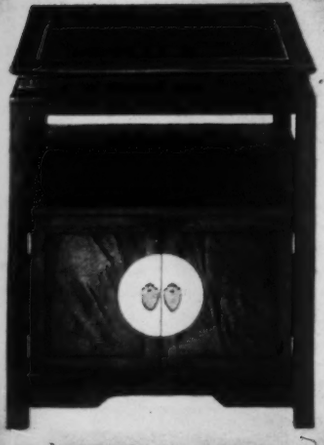
. . . as true to Tradition as the spirit of Christmas-giving!

• Directoire

• Regency



• French Provincial



• Chinese Modern

Six examples of authentic period tables typical of Eaton's cabinet-crafted collection . . . each faithfully reproduced from fine old designs to lend the lustre of a great Tradition to the home of a beloved friend.

EATON'S — CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION • STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

Fashion

FASHIONS can start from anything —the whim of a designer, the decree of a monarch, the desire of the slavish to copy even the eccentricities of the stylish. Many of our fashions, however, are the direct result of superstitions, which go so far back into history that we have forgotten their beginnings. For example: men's clothing buttons to the right side of the body, women's to the left. Today that is just an accepted style but it has its origin in the fact that ancient man divided his body in half. The right side was the strong, masculine side, used in throwing a spear, hammering, etc. The left side was where he felt the beating of his heart, a mysterious sound. To him the left side was the unknown, or emotional side of his nature—the feminine side.

Wearing the wedding ring on the third finger is also tied to an ancient superstition. It was believed that there was a special vein running from that finger to the heart. Not only that, but this finger is the weakest of the four fingers for lifting and holding and consequently symbolized the young wife's dependence on her strong husband. The third finger was officially made the "ring finger" by an edict of Edward VI, in 1549.

There are a great many superstitions connected with shoes. The most prevalent one is seen in the custom of throwing old shoes after a bride and groom. Its significance lies in the fact that originally the shoe was regarded as a lucky charm; ancient people even thought it an ill omen to put on the left one before the right. This again was linked with the idea that the left was the feminine or sinister side. Therefore, man wished to begin his day auspiciously by putting on the right shoe first.

Open-toed shoes may be direct descendants of the open-toed shoes Montenegrin maidens wore when they wished to advertise that they were in the marriage market. The rosettes and pompons on boudoir slippers can be traced back to the time when lords and ladies wore such frivolities on their shoes, as a political compliment to the ruling house of Lancaster.

Rouging one's lips originated in the belief that making your mouth into a circle would ward off the "Evil Eye." Red was used because it was, even in early times, considered a danger color, and it was thought that red lips would help prevent the soul from leaving the body prematurely. The present fashion craze for large hoop earrings is another instance of the use of the circle to ensure good luck for the wearer.

Even our modern hats are linked with superstition. The ancients welcomed Spring by crowning themselves with circles of flowers and leaves, to express the round sun and its course in heaven, which brought Spring back each year. This crude crown of leaves and flowers evolved into millinery.

Women

Henry De Silva

RESORT COSTUME, *from the Calypso Shop in Bermuda, and photographed in the gardens of The Castle Harbour Hotel. The cotton skirt is made from yardage printed in England as saris for Portuguese West African tribes; top is knitted in the tube style.*

Conversation Pieces:

HOLIDAYING in Bermuda turns out to be a Canadian rendezvous. The hotels seem to have recruited their staffs in Canada. At our Castle Harbour Hotel, Dona Forsythe, of Regina, is doing publicity; Sue Devitt, of Waterloo, Ontario, is social hostess; Mary Anderson, of Ottawa, is the hotel's nurse and the *Maître d'hôtel,* Paul Renaud, was with the King Edward Hotel in Toronto for three years. Even the matron at the hospital, Bernice Underhill, is a Canadian from the Maritimes; and the assistant matron, Florence George, comes from Sherbrooke, Que.

A native Montrealer, Mrs. Edna Watson, is one of the most prominent women on the island. She served one term of five years in Bermuda's government, where she was chairman of transports. Two years ago she organized a Committee of Twenty-five (25 women who neither through birth nor marriage were Bermudians) and started a hospital for children.

Reta Wheatley who edited the Montreal Repertory Theatre's *Cue,* came to live here three years ago with her husband, who is a dentist. Visiting them was John Hoare, who has judged the last two play-writing contests of the Ottawa Little Theatre. Three years ago, too, the Bermudiana Theatre was started by Bruce Yorke and Michael Sadlier, producers of the Peterborough (Ont.) Summer Theatre. The first acting group was Canadian, including John Colicos who has done so well for himself on the stage in England. At the moment there is a resident U.S. cast. Bruce Yorke tells us it is increasingly difficult to get Canadian actors—too much work at home for them.

The Swizzle drink originated in Bermuda. There are numerous zealously guarded receipes, but we obtained The Castle Harbour Swizzle concoction: (for two people)
2 oz. lemon juice, 2 oz. pineapple juice, 1½ oz. Barbados rum (light), 2 oz. dark heavy rum, 3 dashes of bitters and grenadine—to taste.

Shirley Woodley, young Toronto golfer, has joined the staff of Bermuda's Mid-Ocean Club, to get a chance to play season-round golf on one of the best courses in the world. She will compete in the Bermuda Women's Championship, in which Toronto's veteran Ada Mackenzie has often played.

In a Bermuda garden, we saw the Changeable Rose, which, in 24 hours, changes from white through pink to a deep red.

Fashion can overcome even a London fog. To protect people against the fog that last December killed some 4,000 persons, smog masks have been suggested; one British designer has come up with an elegant ensemble of a sort of Moslem veil of gauze, faced with black velvet and diamante trim, complete with matching black velvet hat, also diamante trimmed.

Shirley Thomas, of Ottawa, the only woman to win a place on the Canadian equestrian team, won the International Goodwill Challenge Trophy at the official opening of the 65th National Horse Show in New York.

Macmillan's has just published the biography of J. S. Woodsworth (founder of the CCF), by his daughter, Grace MacInnis. She is married to Angus MacInnis, a Federal member, and they live in Vancouver. Mrs. MacInnis was in the BC legislature herself, in 1945-46.

The Vancouver Art Gallery is currently showing $1 million worth of Italian Renaissance works, comprising paintings, sculpture and furnishings. Included are a bronze horse by Leonardo da Vinci, loaned by a New York dealer; *Madonna and Child* by Botticelli, loaned by the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, and a sculptured Crucifix by Benvenuto Cellini, obtained from New York.

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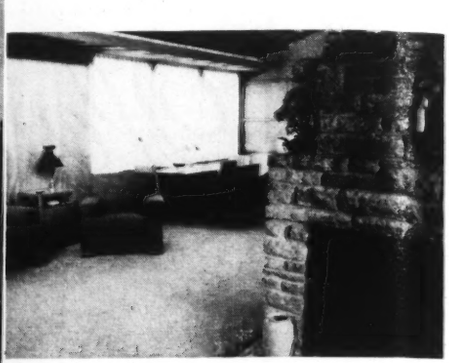

CORNER *of room in the contemporary home of Mr. and Mrs. Clive K. Tallin, with its clerestory high south window and its combination of woods: Honduras mahogany, pine, birch, cherry and plywood.*

Winnipeg Homes

Five homes in Tuxedo (Winnipeg suburb), opened for the first Home Appreciation Tour arranged by the Women's Committee of the Winnipeg Art Gallery.

DINING-ROOM *in the English Georgian home of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Purves, with its black walnut woodwork and the two dominant paintings.*

STAIRWAY *in the new one-and-half storey home of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Stovel, with its effective use of panelled walls.*

LIVING-ROOM *in the American Colonial home of Mr. and Mrs. James M. Gilchrist with its mirrored walls and its mutual green, pink and burgundy furnishings.*

TOUR COMMITTEE: *l to r, Mrs. T. C. Marshall; Dorinda Mutchmor; Mrs. W. C. Hall; Mrs. J. M. Moore, chairman of tour; Mrs. H. Lloyd Thompson, chairman of Women's Committee of the Winnipeg Art Gallery; Mrs. R. A. Purves; standing, Mrs. Lee Phillips and Mrs. W. S. Von Helmolt.*

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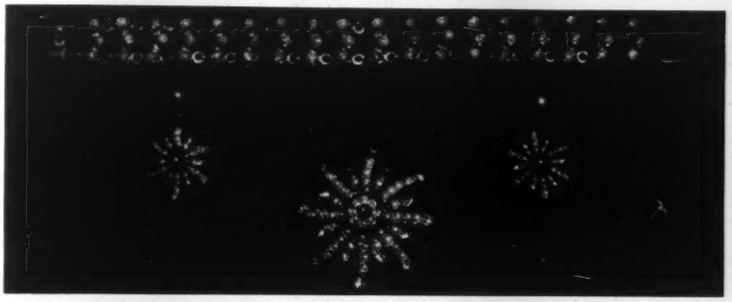

BRACELET *of 54 Australian opals in gold mount ($225); sunburst earrings ($65) and brooch ($70), in pearls and gold, at the Gold Shoppe, Toronto.*

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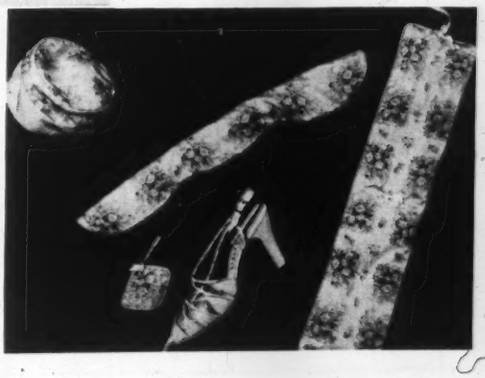
Photo, Ken Bell

STOLE, *created from a Paris design, with "Bateau" neckline. Wild mink, at Stan Walker's, Toronto, $985.*



FRENCH GARDEN SACHETS *for closet fragrance, by Mary Chess, including shoulder cover, sachets for toes of shoes, quilted strip, and hat stand. Set, $20.*

Photo, Everett Roseborough

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Photo, Ashley & Crippen

MONTREAL VISITORS *to the Sadler's Wells Ballet in Toronto included Madame Gerard Boudrias (second from left) and Mrs. D. Cargill Southam (right). They are seen here chatting with Celia Franca (left), of the National Ballet Company of Canada, and ballerina Margot Fonteyn.*

• •

Stick to Scotch!

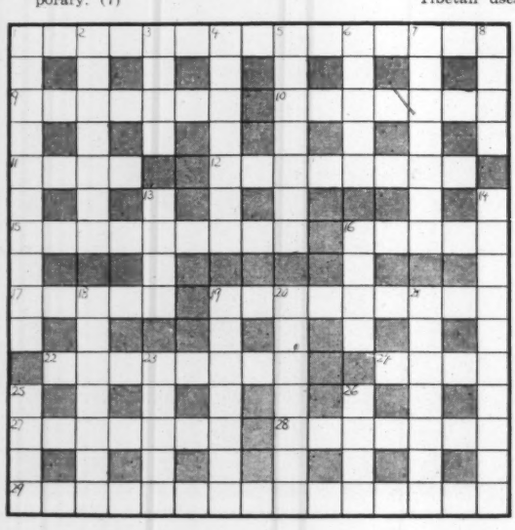
BY LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1. Yet this "stay put" order might even affect the lancers. (5,2,4,4)
9. No wonder the Arab is when he has to live thus, by the sound of it. (7)
10. Rather nasty line of rulers. (7)
11. Where they kneel in kilts? (4)
12. See 17.
15. The figure might be vulgar, if it's a fraction above the line. (9)
16. It's a sign one needs to know Scotch. (5)
17, 12. A cane that will be admired, perhaps, if little notice is taken? (5,2,3,3)
19. Does one chew the cud over this? (9)
22. Makes a cool crib in the Green family? (8)
24. A liar who goes to seed, may turn out thus. (4)
27. Chink that came to a bad end? (7)
28. Does the kiltie doff it to go bare-kneed? (4-3)
29. What's the builder doing on the living-room wall? (8,7)

DOWN

1. How to make the best of the bet? (10)
2. Find merit in changing what's temporary. (7)
3. When writing, it's always written in black ink. (4)
4. AQU and ART each may be. (3,4)
5. It's not new to rest disturbed when one is one. (7)
6. Siren of the wash-tub? (5)
7. But it first had to 17 before it could become so. (7)
8. It sounds a heavenly Scottish isle. (4)
13. What a Boer to travel this way! (4)
14. He starts to bury (his nose, no doubt) in other people's business. (10)
16. What the teacher did when tight? (4)
18. Disraeli would have felt at home here. (7)
19. One is prone to get it mixed with food. (7)
20. In this, one must cash out or perhaps cash in. (5-2)
21. It takes Capri to produce fruit. (7)
23. Those who 20 may find a sound lodging here. (5)
25. We hope G.B.S.'s good ones weren't all in play. (4)
26. It occurs twice in the alphabet a Tibetan uses. (4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Char
4. Chapfallen
9. Profiles
10. Rooted
11. Restrain
12. Shoots
13. Shades
14. Cabbages
17. Sporadic
20. Adults
22. Maniac
25. Pakistan
26. Timbre
27. Tea party
28. In two minds
29. Tidy

DOWN

2. Horsewhip
3. Refuted
4. Collapsed
5. Arsenic
6. Fires
7. Leonora
8. Erect
15. Black bass
16. Extracted
18. Rainbow
19. Capstan
21. Upstart
23. Alien
24. Cream

(288)

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Films

High, Handsome and Very Wide

CINEMASCOPE, which arrived with *The Robe* was obviously intended by its sheer weight and volume to put television in its place as minor entertainment. The little living-room screen can't possibly hope to challenge Hollywood on its new ground, and box office figures indicate that *The Robe,* wherever it is shown, is luring the customers away in thousands from their television sets.

This doesn't mean, however, that the Industry can afford to relax. There is a limit to the scale of spectacle and to the receptivity of audiences, and beyond a certain point, the law of diminishing returns can always be relied on to operate faithfully. In the meantime Hollywood, which seems to be in the mood for Biblical research, might do well to reflect that while the Industry has the advantage of size, so had Goliath.

Certainly it is hard to imagine how the screen can go much farther in the direction indicated by CinemaScope. The images in close-up are literally colossal and the sound, coming from a four-directional track, occasionally leaves you rocking in your seat. I took the precaution of sitting half-way back in the balcony, and by keeping the principals firmly under observation was able to follow most of what was going on, though I may have missed some of the marginal happenings in the slave market and the Court of Caligula. I imagine that anyone in the front rows would be so buried under sight and sound that he might easily come out with a bad case of the bends.

The wide curved screen is intended to produce depth and make the use of polaroid glasses unnecessary. The three-dimensional quality can hardly be said to intrude, however, under the new arrangement. Most of the time the production seemed familiarly flat; and so, over considerable stretches, did the Biblical "treatment" of the story.

This is the screen version of the Lloyd Douglas best-seller about the Roman tribune Marcellus Gallio (Richard Burton), who falls into disfavor with Caligula by overbidding him at the slave market and acquiring a handsome Greek slave (Victor Mature) on whom Caligula has his eye. Caligula also has his eye on the Emperor's pretty ward (Jean Simmons), and when Marcellus forestalls him here as well, Caligula packs him off to Jerusalem. Here the tribune is assigned to supervise the Crucifixion and comes into possession of Christ's robe in a game of dice at the foot of the Cross. He loses both robe and slave and in an effort to recover them, along with the peace of mind which has been destroyed by the events of the Crucifixion, he visits Cana. In Cana he comes under the influence of the Christian sect, is converted by the disciple Peter (Michael Rennie) and returns to Rome to join in the underground movement in the Catacombs. The story at this point abandons its evangelical thesis for the more familar routine of the movies—escape, flight and capture. It struck me as being much better equipped to handle these elements than to deal with the *mystique* of Christian experience.

Richard Burton, Victor Mature and Jean Simmons are all stock figures out of film Biblical pageantry. Michael Rennie, however, seemed peculiarly miscast as the craggy and impetuous Simon Peter. The Rennie performance came very close at times to a pious simper.

Hollywood is always uneasy when dealing, even indirectly, with matters of religious significance. There is always the possibility of giving offence in even the least controversial areas, and woe to the studio from which the offence comes.

In *Return to Paradise*, for instance, we have Barry Jones as a pious missionary who has made it his life work to destroy all the simple pleasures of his South Sea Island flock. He has the place well policed and any island matron who fails to show up at the meeting house in a Mother Hubbard and Sunday hat is likely to finish her week-end in jail. Then Gary Cooper arrives on the island, blows the windows out of the meeting house with his shotgun and sets the natives in revolt against their fanatical warden. Up to this point, Barry Jones has been performing with a moral fervor that might have seemed excessive to the Rev. Mr. Davidson of *Rain*.

Someone must have taken alarm at this tendency, however, for the storyline shifts abruptly. The Islanders return voluntarily to their meeting house, the warden gives up his coercive ways and reveals himself as a mellow old gentleman, and even Gary Cooper comes to see that the youth of the island could do with a little moral supervision.

Although Errol Flynn is beginning to crowd middle age, he is still able to take on twenty swordsmen at once and lick them single-handed. In *The Master of Ballantrae* he fights with rapier, pistol and claymore and occasionally with tables and chairs. The Robert Louis Stevenson novel retains, like Hero Flynn, all its old vitality, and makes rousing entertainment.

MARY LOWREY ROSS.

•

I cannot help but believe, that some things which happen in life are ordained. All over the world, there are thousands of men and women who are reaching out in search of faith, and to strengthen and retain their faith, praying with all their hearts and souls, while atom bombs mushroom their destructive vapors to the heavens, and we can sense the Exhalation of Death. Men and women pray to find the source of redemption, a surcease from wars, and the healing power of peace. At such a time comes the production of the story of *The Robe*, with electrifying clarity and visual demonstration, with Stereophonic Sound, and the miracle of CinemaScope, through which millions of people will be inspired to renew their faith. Is this an accident of fortune, or is it in the Divine Design of Intent? Are these miracle-inventions handed to men to make them millionaires only, or to serve mankind?

If thirty pieces of silver can be designed to be used to betray Jesus, it is not incongruous or illogical to assume, that thirty or more millions of dollars have been selected to help to save mankind.—*Ray Lewis in the Canadian Moving Picture Digest.*

Or, at any rate, 20th Century-Fox.

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The Backward Glance

16 Years Ago This Week

ON THE COVER PAGE of SATURDAY NIGHT for Nov. 20, 1937, was an article by Harold M. Gully titled "Country Boy at Book Fair." In it Mr. Gully quoted Burton Rascoe, in a new book of his, *Before I Forget*, as saying something we have long believed: that authors, like precocious little boys, should be seen and not heard. Rascoe had this to say: "When authors address provincial literary societies and women's clubs, they do themselves and their reputations irreparable injury. They spoil the illusion their readers have of them. Thus does familiarity breed contempt and the wine of astonishment turn from sweet to bitter. Good authors . . . should be read."

There was an interesting article in "The Front Page" bearing the S. J. Perelman-ish title, "Have a Megaparsec." For the next few weeks we are going to go around hoping that someone will ask us, "Say, what is a megaparsec?", but we know that nobody will. If we find ourself on a quiz program, we are sure to be asked, "Who was the villain in *Macbeth?* or, "From what poem is the line, 'At the sorrow of my sweet pipings' taken?" And we will answer them with our usual vacant stare. Well, a megaparsec is the distance travelled by light in 3¼ million light years, so now you are as ready as we are for any quiz-master's question.

And keeping this review on a high cultural plane, "The Film Parade" reviewed such pistaches as *Farewell Again*, with Leslie Banks and Flora Robson, and *Double Wedding*, starring Myrna Loy and William Powell. Most of us may remember the team of Loy and Powell in the "Thin Man" series, in which Powell was a detective, and to our way of thinking couldn't have caught a streetcar. We may be wrong in this, as we are in so many things, but didn't the "Thin Man" begin as a crook, who was turned later into a detective by the wonderful metamorphosis of Hollywood? That, of course, is what happened to a minor crippled character called "Hopalong Cassidy," who has now blossomed out as an aging cowpoke once known as William Boyd.

The only book of note that was reviewed on "The Bookshelf" page was Morley Callaghan's *More Joy In Heaven*, and it received a well-deserved accolade from its reviewer, Mary Lowrey Ross. The story of *More Joy In Heaven* is the story of the return of the Prodigal Son, and it was summed up, succinctly, by the following quote: "'Maybe you've heard of the Prodigal Son,' says Kip Caley, hero of the story. 'I've just figured out what happened to him . . . He sat around for months and months and it all wore off and he got fed up and bored and disgusted and maybe he stopped a few people on the street and said, "Remember me? I'm the Prodigal Son." Maybe they said, "Oh yeah, well I'm the King of Egypt. Out of my way, big boy. I'm in a hurry," and they pushed him off the sidewalk. So he got pretty sore and saw that the big feeling he had was just a shot in the arm for the folks of the town and he cleared out hating everybody and back he went to the happy hunting grounds.'"

On another page of SATURDAY NIGHT Hector Charlesworth gave a brief biography of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Shakespearean actor and painter. Charlesworth had this to say about Forbes-Robertson's rôle as Hamlet: "There are many ways of playing that most complex of all rôles, and Forbes-Robertson chose the Hamlet of Horatio's conception, suggested in the lines

'Good night, sweet Prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!'"

We can never read those lines from Hamlet without thinking of another famous line spoken by another actor, John Barrymore, as he lay on his deathbed. It was the second-last thing he ever said. Upon spying his press-agent standing at his bedside he roused himself and asked, "Tell me, is it true that you are the illegitimate son of Buffalo Bill?" Shakespeare never wrote a better curtain line.

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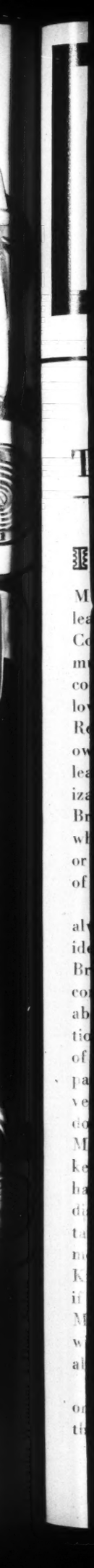
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